

The Monster Times

Why is this woman scowling?

Well, it could be due to the fact that she's 50 feet tall and has to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous small folk who refuse to tolerate her. Or it could be because she's a victim of forces beyond her control. It could, in fact, be any one of a number of things, but we happen to know it's because she hasn't been able to lay out-sized hands on a desperately desired copy of THE BEST OF THE MONSTER TIMES.

And that's because THE BEST OF THE MONSTER TIMES hasn't been published yet. But take heart, patient reader, it IS on the way. That's right, our long-promised collection of the cream of the TMT creature crop will finally be delivered in December, featuring the very best of the monstrous material to appear over the first 24 issues of this wonderful publication. So remember to keep two or three eyes peeled for THE BEST OF THE MONSTER TIMES.

Rather than take up any more of your valuable time with other eerie advertisements for ourselves, we leave you now with this latest (and quite possibly greatest) issue of THE MONSTER TIMES, in which you'll be encountering the likes of Sinbad, The Mad Ghoul, Captain Video & crew, Conan the Barbarian, John Barrymore, Blob-creator Irwin S. Yeaworth, makeup maven Roy Aston, a veritable horde of Film Giants and other engaging people, places and (above all) things. And keep those Coloring Contest entries coming!



It's that time again ... time to join Sinbad the Sailor, faithful 1st Mate Rachid, the Grand Vizier, Margiana, the beautiful slave girl, and the rest of the crew as they set sail for the strange land of Marabia on THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD. Sinbad scholar Doug Murray recounts that perilous journey—a journey full of evil wizards.

hideous homunculi, savage centaurs, animated statues and other of Ray Harryhausen's special effects wonders—here in his royal TMT Filmbook treatment of the sequel to 1958's THE VOYAGE OF SINBAD. If you think Sinbad had problems on the THE VOYAGE read on and see the dangers awaiting him on the GOLDEN VOYAGE.



If Sinbad & Company had gotten a glimpse of this hectic panorama of the worst Ray Harryhausen had in store for them on THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD, they might have been content to stay home.

Sinbad (John Phillip Law), flanked by Margiana (Caroline Munro) and the Grand Vizier (Douglas Wilmer), sets foot on dry land, unaware of the dangers lurking there.

It is summer, 1968, and you have just emerged from the dark coolness of the local movie theater into the blazing sun. The light is blinding, but it doesn't seem to bother you, your mind is still far away, in ancient Araby with the heroic Sinbad and beautiful Parisa. You have been with them through many adventures, have seen them safely off on their homeward voyage, and the experience is still very real to you. Of course, it, like everything else, was only a movie. THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, but for you it was an experience, an experience generated by the incredible special effects: the Cyclops, Roc, and most impressive, the Man vs. Skeleton fight. Yes, the special effects made the whole experience real, the special effects of Ray Harryhausen.

Well, Ray Harryhausen is back. Yes, he's done work since 1958, and fine work at that: JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS, VALLEY OF GWANGI, FIRST MEN IN THE MOON. But now he's returned to that magical time, that Arabian atmosphere of his earlier triumph; now he's gone back to the world of Sinbad the Sailor.

SINBAD SETS SAIL

GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD is not an exact sequel to SEVENTH VOYAGE, not really. Sinbad is back, the locale is the same, and there IS a quick reference to the earlier version in the course of the film. But this is a different Sinbad, taller, heavier, bearded, with a strange accent, and without his princess Parisa. And this is a different Arabia, larger, more detailed. And the story is certainly different: Where SEVENTH VOYAGE ends with Sinbad's ship sailing into the sunset, GOLDEN VOYAGE opens with it sailing out of the sunrise. We move in on the peaceful scene of a routine sailing day, the



crew performing their various tasks or relaxing on deck "amusing themselves" as seamen do. Suddenly, there is something strange in the sky—an oddly-fashioned figure appears. It is not a bird, and cannot be a bat, although its wing structure certainly suggests that. Seeing the agitation of the crew, and then the reason for that agitation, Rachid, the first mate, calls for "Captain Sinbad!"

Sinbad emerges, tall, broad shouldered with a brown beard and turbaned dome; he peers around to see why his second-in-command has summoned him. Glancing up, he sees the reason soon enough. The creature is now almost directly over the ship. It does indeed look like a bat, although the body is longer and better articulated. It holds something large and glittering in one of its claws.

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

"What is it, Captain?" Rachid asks. "We're too far away for gulls."
"Aye," Sinbad replies. "And it's too large for a Jackdaw."
"Aye."

But one of the seamen plans to simplify this indirect identification procedure. Drawing back his bow, he lets fly a shaft

at the winged intruder. The arrow skims just past the creature, starting it into dropping its shiny burden. The golden object plummets to the deck, barely missing Sinbad, who turns at once to examine it: "Why it's an amulet such as men wear on the mainland!"

"Throw it overboard," cries Rachid. "It is a thing of evil, I feel it!"

"Nonsense," says Sinbad, picking it up. "It's..."

But then a strange thing happens to the Captain. All movement around him seems to cease. He can see his men standing as if frozen to the deck, then in front of him a strange mist forms. The mist coagulates into the form of a beautiful woman, a dancing girl, her face veiled. On her hand is a strange sign, a staring eye. She seems to beckon Sinbad closer as her voice whispers his name over and over. He steps



Kears (Tom Baker) coexists with his loyal homunculus, a weird, winged spry who keeps a close and watchful eye on the activities of Sinbad and crew.



The hideous hornwormlike creature his covert activities, following the progress of Sinbad and friends and reporting all to the demonic Koura, a wicked wizard with many a terrifying trick up his ample sleeve.

toward her ... Suddenly a sharp pain burns his cheek, the world takes on life once again and he can see the flying creature at very close range now—it looks to be some sort of miniature gargoyle, the body of a man with large taloned feet, a catlike face and bat-wings. The thing swoops down once more, attempting to kill the Captain and recover the lost trinket. But Sinbad drives the creature off with a few swings of his sword and, seeing the little creature fly away, turns command of the vessel over to Rachid while he retires to his cabin, the strange gold amulet around his neck, to puzzle out the strange happenings of the day.

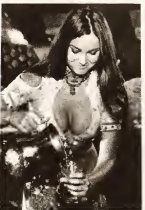
Night, Captain Sinbad lies sleeping fitfully in his bed, strange dreams causing chaos in his head. Again he sees the girl, dancing gracefully, the strange occult mark prominent on her hand. Then a darkening shadow, the girl's cries of "Sinbad" grow weaker, a strange, black, batlike shape engulfs her, and Sinbad finds himself starting into two ice-blue eyes which seem to hold a strange power over him. He struggles and ... awakes to find Rachid shaking him.

"Captain, we need help ... a sudden storm ... we are unprepared! We will capsize!"

HIGH-WATER HAVOC

Sinbad shakes off the dream as he rises and runs from his cabin. Stepping outside, he is immediately soaked to the skin. Such a storm! The waves are 20 feet high, wind tears at the still unfurled sails and bolts of lightning split the heavens! Sinbad rushes to the helm. With a superhuman effort, he

Beautiful slave girl Marijana offers aid and succor to the troubled Sinbad, who, probably due to an oversight on the part of the screen-writers, doesn't realize he's a sore with her till the movie's almost over.



navigates the ship through jagged rocks then, as suddenly as it came, the storm subsides. The ship floats on a calm sea, in sight of land.

Morning, Sinbad stares at a pastoral shoreline. Then, he sees something. It is a man, cloaked in black, batlike. Turning to Rachid he orders, "Anchor in the harbor of Marabih. I will join you there." With that he leaps into the sea, swimming swiftly to shore.

Wading ashore, Sinbad wipes his sword on his sash and sticks it into the sand to dry while he spies the amulet from his seaboots. Suddenly he notices a long black shadow on the sand before him. Leaping back, he looks upward at a pair of icy blue eyes set jewel-like in a smiling face. The man speaks, "I am Prince Koura, and you have my property." Indicating the amulet, he adds, "I want it back." To further underscore his determination, he draws a jeweled sword from beneath his robes.

Sinbad, stepping back, reaches for his own sword, but there's nothing there! Turning, he sees a smiling man holding his sword menacingly in hand.

"It seems I would have no choice," Sinbad replies, taking the amulet from his neck. Moving toward Koura, he makes as if to hand the amulet to him, then, with a sudden move, waves it in the face of the prince's horse. The animal bolts, and Sinbad, acting quickly, turns and leaps on the horse of Koura's assistant, spurring the animal towards the city of Marabih.

MAN WITH THE GOLDEN MASK

Reaching the city, the evil prince at his heels, Sinbad races through the gates to be confronted by another strange sight: a man in a golden mask!

The man rides with numerous mounted guardsmen, who immediately move to capture Koura. But it is too late. With a hastily murmured incantation, the evil Koura brings the gates of the city down in the faces of his pursuers and rides away unhindered.

"I am the grand Vizier of Marabih," the masked man informs our hero. "And you have been sent by destiny. This I know by that which you wear around your neck."

Later, seated in a mysterious underground room, Sinbad tells the story to the vizier.

"A strange story, captain," the Vizier agrees. "But I believe you. You see, I am the true and proper heir to the sultans of Marabih. When the old sultan died, he told me of a secret, a secret that would lead to many riches. A secret hidden in his room. So I rushed here, to read the secret from the paintings on these walls," he reveals, indicating the charred surroundings. "But as I arrived, a ball of fire destroyed all, including my face, which is why I wear the mask."

The siren-shaped figurehead of Sinbad's ship comes to sudden, sinister life through the monstrous magic of the diabolical Koura and sends the alcoholic Haroun scurrying to safety. A quick-thinking Grand Vizier helps out by forcing the overbearing status, overboard with a dash of his trusty torch, but not before it makes off with Sinbad's insatiable chart.



mask you see now. All I have left is this box and the hope that someday, someone will come to help. You are that someone, for in the box is the duplicate of the amulet you wear." So saying, he withdraws another, similar golden amulet from the box.

Sinbad places the two together, unsurprised when they interlock into one. Studying the integrated pieces, Sinbad suddenly exclaims, "Look, Vizier, they form a map! The north star, and there's the meridian."

"And you are a sea captain! We must follow this map and find the treasure at its end before Koura does. For should Koura gain this, he will have Marabih, and freedom will be lost here forever."

"But he cannot know," Sinbad replies. Miles away, Koura smiles. Rushing back to his castle, he had dispatched his messenger and spy, the same homunculus Sinbad had gained the amulet from earlier to convey on Sinbad and the masked man. Koura now knew all.

"Achmed," he shouted. "Get us a boat and a sea captain. We sail in the morning."

Sinbad, too, plans to sail in the morning. After making plans with the Vizier, he walks back through the city's marketplace on the way to his ship. Stopping for a cup of coffee, he confirms something he had noted before: Two men are following him! Dashing down a side street, Sinbad ducks behind a corner and waits for his pursuers to catch up. As they do so, he leaps from hiding to trip the larger of his foes and sends him sprawling into a pile of trash. Then, he dislodges the swarthy above the pile and lets it fall, entangling his opponent. Turning to the second man, Sinbad sees a stout merchant, his hands

raised in supplication, begging to be heard.

"You are as good as I have heard, oh Captain," he cries. "Please come with me."

AN OFFER HE CAN'T REFUSE

Puzzled, Sinbad follows the fat man to a nearby house, and seats himself as the man calls for coffee and sweet cakes.

"I am Hakim, a merchant of this city. And this," he says, gesturing at a drunken boy sleeping peacefully in the corner, "is my son, Haroun. I want you to take him to sea with you. I will pay two hundred gold coins if you will take him on your next voyage."

Sinbad shakes his head. "THREE hundred gold coins!" the fat man offers.

"No. I couldn't even use him for ballast," laughs Sinbad, getting up to go. Turning, he almost walks into a young slave girl bringing coffee. The girl is beautiful, but what stops Sinbad in his tracks is her hand ... on your right hand is drawn a large eye!

"Ah, the girl finds favor in your eyes? She is yours. Take her and my son ... please!"

Sinbad hesitates.

"My son, the girl and FOUR hundred gold coins. A deal?"

"A deal," Sinbad reluctantly accepts.

Next morning Sinbad's crew is treated to a strange sight—the ship is boarded by their captain, a beautiful girl, a drunken boy, and a man with a head seemingly made of gold.

"Allah help us," Rachid mutters. "This is certainly a strange voyage."

UNSMOOTH SAILING

The ship sets sail. All aboard, even the now-sober Haroun, settle down for the long voyage, and no one is aware of the ship behind them ... A ship carrying the evil Koura and his sly assistant! That night, Haroun, pulling watch, sees a light astern. The Captain, seeing the pursuing ship, realizes who it must be and decides to lose the pursuers. Guiding the ship to the East, Sinbad turns her into a shallow sea filled with rocky reefs and treacherous waters.

The magician's ship falls far astern. "Faster," Koura orders. "We will lose them."

"If we go any faster," his captain replies, "we will lose the ship."

"What do we must to catch up with Sinbad?" asks Koura.

"He must have a chart." So hearing, the magician hurries below deck.

On Sinbad's ship, strange things begin to happen. Haroun, leaning on the siren-shaped figurehead of the foredeck, finds himself almost falling overboard. Looking

up, he sees the figurehead move. Terrified, not sure if it is really happening or if it is just a drunken hallucination, Haroun hurries to his cabin.

But it IS really happening. The



Koura convinces hostile natives of the awesome power of his black magic when he gets their six-armed goddess to do an impromptu dance and generally behave in a manner most unbecoming a six-armed goddess.

figurehead, directed by Koura's evil magic, rips itself free and, striding back toward the cabins, effortlessly tosses a seaman overboard, as though the stout sailor were but a mere child.

Reaching the cabin area, it smashes down a wall and grabs the chart it has been searching for. Sinbad and his men, shaking off their amazement, attack it with torches. The thing grabs a metal harpoon and swings wildly at the men. Finally, backing up, it crashes through the railing and falls into the water, the metal harpoon carrying it straight to the bottom.

The Visier looks at Sinbad. "It has the chart."

"Yes," Sinbad replies. "But I have it too. Up here," he explains, pointing to his pate.



A horde of highly excitable little green men decide to decapitate Sinbad when he slumbers into their lair. It was the evil influence of the wicked wizard that made them do it, however.

Meanwhile, Koura, spent and sagging, has brought the figurehead aboard ship. Grasping a sword, he severs the wooden hand and hands the chart to the captain. "Here, captain. Here is your chart."

AN EERIE EXPEDITION

But Sinbad's long lead proves insur-

mountable. Morning finds Sinbad, the Visier, Margana (the slave girl), Ruchid, Haroun and two other sailors landing on a strange beach ... a beach surrounded by cliffs with curious carvings, the heads of gods and demons. Reaching shore, Sinbad turns to the Visier for instructions.

"We must go to the cave of the Oracle," he says. "There we will learn all we must."

Following faint trails and wraithlike figures, they finally arrive at a cave near a ruined temple, unaware that behind them Koura and Achmed have landed and are following quickly. They are equally unaware that Koura's spy, the winged homunculus, is watching their every move.

Sinbad's party descends to the cave of the Oracle. There, they hand the joined amulets to the priestess of the Oracle, a wizened old croon.

The amulets are placed in a small alcove on the side of a deep well. A strange rushing sound begins far below. Suddenly, on the top of the well, a ball of green fire appears, and in it is a face ... the face of a Herculean man, a man with the horns of a goat: the Oracle himself!

Speaking in rhyme, the Oracle tells them of good and evil, of the need for them to win their race with Koura, and finally instructs them to go north, to find the third segment of the amulet and the Fountain of Destiny, the place of the Gods!

But Koura has heard all. Through the ears of his homunculus spy, Koura has learned all that Sinbad has, and now moves to prevent further competition. Taking vials from his chest, he places them in the cracks of the cave opening. Moving back, he concentrates and soon a great explosion rocks the earth. The cave opening collapses; Sinbad is trapped! Koura hurries off to the north.

In the cave, Sinbad and his friends are understandably despondent. Trapped, unable to stop Koura, Sinbad looks for a means of escape. Glancing up, he sees a hole in the roof. Turning to his men, Sinbad orders them to remove turbans, sashes, anything that can be tied together to form a long strong rope. Sinbad pulls a metal leg off a smoking brazier and shapes it into a straight arrow. Fastening the makeshift rope to the arrow, Sinbad fires it through the roof hole. Pulling on the rope, Sinbad finds the arrow caught tight and gets ready to climb.

"Let me," Haroun cries. "I'm the lightest."

"Ah," Haroun replies, "but I'm the most foolhardy."



Carefully, the captain climbs, fearful of dislodging the arrow's hold. But then, from out of hiding, comes the homunculus! Flying at the captain, it attempts to claw his face, to weaken his hold on the rope. Sinbad, flailing at the malevolent creature

Special effects ace Ray Harryhausen did these pre-production sketches of some of the planned highlights of THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD before constructing the actual models.



Koura instructs his faithful homunculus to do his evil bidding.



Sinbad and his small brave party approach the cave of the Oracle.



The fiery face of the Oracle divulges the secret of the amulet.



A six-armed goddess with a sword in every hand is brought to life by Koura's black magic.



Sinbad and companions encounter the wrath of the mighty Centaur.

A group of TMT editors were sitting around the office enjoying a rare respite from their normally fiendishly busy office routine by trading amiable nonsequiturs, when who should swagger into our midst but TMT's resident barbarian, Dean Latimer. Striding to our Editor-in-Chief's desk with a savage grace and heavy caveman's club in hand, he slapped down a couple CONAN comics (which, judging by their sorry condition, he had already enjoyed in the worst way) and DEMANDED—not asked, mind you, but DEMANDED—that we let him do an article on Marvel's new black-and-white CONAN SERIES. Agreeing to a monster that Dean did indeed seem the logical choice to handle comicbook barbarian chores and knowing an offer that we couldn't refuse when we heard one, we turned the next two pages over to his charge ... and lived not to regret it.

CONAN

THE SUPER-HERO AS SUPER-MEANIE!

BY DEAN LATIMER

According to Lin Carter, writing in THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #2, Robert R. Howard really wanted to write straight, realistic historical fiction, but couldn't get a foot in the door at Argey, the only decent market for it at the time. Consequently he landed his stories out with supernatural elements and sold them to WEIRD TALES. Now, this may have been demoralizing to poor Howard—he shot himself in 1936, at the tender age of 30—but for those of us whose hearts soar

The "Pulse-Pounding Premier Issue" of THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN spawned a few bloody covers by Boris Vallejo, depicting Conan and distant sidekick Red Sonja (a.k.a. the She-Devil of Hyknaria) engaged in furious battle with an axe-swinging pack of skeletal warriors



like hawks to the grand Sword & Sorcery legacy he left us, it may have been all to the good.

Because Howard had, quite apart from his bizarre imagination, the makings of a very good writer indeed by purely conventional standards: his prose was crisp and clear, his plots flowed as naturally and effortlessly as mountain creek water, and his characters were at least three-dimensional, if none too complex psychologically. Had he been allowed to write straight fiction, he would probably have developed into what they call an Original Regional Writer; today, with Howard 66 years old, the southwest would be busy with earnest young authors imitating his literary style, and Marvel Comics—pardon me, "Magazine Management"—would never have wrangled a copyright on his early Conan stories, which he would have long ago discredited.

Now that would have been sad indeed,

Conan the Barbarian, in all his mean majesty, strikes a savage pose prior to sinking his sword into a typical many-headed, multi-tentacled monster. Esteban Maroto's rugged renditions of Robert R. Howard's hero originally appeared as the inside cover of THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #1 and is also available in poster form from THE MONSTER TIMES BOOKSHELF.

and for us and for comics, which cannot have been selling too well lately, the way all the superhero titles have been falling. SPIDER-MAN, for instance, formerly the fattest apple in Marvel's superhero bushel, sank recently to the last resort of showcasing a poorly-drawn batch of characters from PBS-TV's ELECTRIC COMPANY. Clearly the old Sixties superhero mystique no longer fulfills the public need for vicious thrills, and these new Conan titles represent a casting-about for some more commercially viable myth.

If the Conan stories succeed in bailing Marvel out, it will be largely because of Howard's imagination, and the differences between Conan as a mythic hero and Peter Parker (or Nick Fury, or Mr. Fantastic, or any of those other deaders), as a contemporary punk. All these former Marvel superheroes, you see, were essentially commonplace jerks who were

accidentally endowed with para-normal powers, whereas Conan is actually kind of heroic demigod, after the fashion of Gilgamesh and Hercules, who for some reason is restricted to merely mortal powers.

SURVIVAL OF THE MEANEEST

This opens certain new possibilities for character development, among other things. Whereas Peter Parker freely exercised unnatural powers in his fight for The Good, Conan, contrariwise, is forever being victimized by unnatural powers, and his fight is primarily for self survival. He need not therefore be disgraced by that simpering self-righteousness that crippled the erstwhile run of comic heroes, in their world of black-and-white morality. Conan, in fact, is allowed to be a meanie some times.

For example, in the story "Black Colossus" in SAVAGE SWORD #2, Conan offhandedly remarks at one point that in



This supernatural scene from "Black Colossus" in THE SAVAGE SWORD OF CONAN #2 was the handiwork of Marvel artists John Buscema and Alfredo Alcala. Though still just a bit on the posed side, the action artwork in the Conan black-and-whites is certainly strong enough to give Conan's black-and-white line a run for its plunder. Even Roy Thomas displays a subtlety in his well-wrought adaptations of Howard's tales.

order to protect the princess Yasmeh, his current employer, from a popular uprising, it might help to hang a few citizens at random. Can you imagine any Marvel hero, or even villain, proposing such a ruthless, bloody—and politically realistic—tactic? Can you fancy Peter Parker ever saying anything on the order of: "When I served with the mercenaries of Corinthia, we swilled all night and fought all day!"? If Conan happens to be fighting on the "good side" in any conflict, it's not because he has decided, after much asinine self-searching, to wield his powers for God and Christendom; it's simply because the "bad side," being made up of wizards and witches and gruesome abnormal monsters, poses a substantial threat to his well-being.

Scriptwriter Roy Thomas has exercised uncharacteristic good sense in translating Howard's original "Black Colossus" into a comicbook format: the dialogue and narrative are taken straight from the story, with minimal reduction and no perceptible editorial imposition onto Howard's prose. You don't catch Conan talking Marvel talk, which is a signal boon to the script. Best of all, the comic seems to flow with the precise progression of the original narrative, jammed and cluttered in the action-violence passages, yet open and panoramic in the descriptive parts.

The black-and-white artwork brings the story wonderfully to life, too. John Buscema's Conan is not perhaps as craggy and Neanderthal as Howard described him, but his nose has been broken, and

some of his expressions are satisfyingly bestial. The backgrounds of most panels are so real that you can actually walk around inside them, except for the night scenes. Then, to compensate for the absence of color, either Buscema or his Alfredo Alcala has provided an etchy kind of texturing that works none too well, really. Buscema's artwork is handled better in CONAN THE BARBARIAN, the 25¢ Marvel comic monthly.

GEOGRAPHICAL JUMBLE

But most delightful is the attention that has been lavished on minor details of sets and props in "Black Colossus." The world that Howard created for Conan was a wildly anachronistic jumble of historical cultures: Aquileia was Imperial Rome with overtones of Carolingian Europe; Hyperborea, his homeland, was equal parts Viking Scandinavia and pre-Columbian Britain; Turan was Seleucid Persia; Afghanistan; Khitai was China; Zamoria was Arabia; Shem was Old Testament Palestine; Stygia was dynastic Egypt, and so on. This affords the illustrator opportunities for including in the artwork a myriad of archaic visual elements, evoking cultures from the Bronze Age up to the High Middle Ages—and to Cecil B. DeMille's lurid 20th-Century Hollywood-spectacular garishness.

The trick to handling this 4,000-year potpourri of fashion and armament is not to mix them up any more than Howard did. The setting for "Black Colossus," for example, is medieval Korajia, a petty kingdom "carved out of the Shemite lands by Kothic adventurers." It's a Crusader state in Asia Minor, that is, circa 1250, and the domed helmets and chain-mail armor of the chivalry are quite in place; Conan, however, as commander, is decked out in Roman centurion gear, complete with plumed and visored helmet, and short kilt—for a cavalry officer? Doubt. This is just a little jarring, though. As for the Princess Yasmeh's outfit—insubstantial diaphanous skirt slit to the waist on both sides, super-cleavage halter bra, and strategic jewelry—it's what all the women in Conan comics seem to wear, regardless of period or culture, and I for one find absolutely no objection to it.

ESCAPING CENSOR'S SWORD

Which deftly segues us to a concluding remark on the price of the big Conan special—one fat buck—which is the price we have to pay to get out from under the censorious Comics Code Authority. You'd never get away with this stuff under the Comics Code, even today, when it's withering on its long slimy vine.

Not, mind you, that there's any more

visible cheesecake in the black-and-white SAVAGE SWORD series than over the cheaper color BARBARIAN series. In fact, comes in general seem to be celebrating a return to the traditional Phantom Lady style of heroine-drawing that looked so great in the centerfold of Dr. Wertham's SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT. The heroine of the last couple issues of CONAN THE BARBARIAN, Red Son Ya, wore throughout both episodes a ridiculous scale-mail bikini, for example, which was outrageously unrealistic—I mean, if she bled on it, it's rust colored. Roy, and then where would she be? No, it's the broadening of the moral content provided by Conan that would kill him under the old Comics Code. (Big black-and-white comics, you see, escape the Draconian sword of the Comics Code; and the production costs are what swell the price to a buck.) The color Conan scripts are good enough, to be sure, but they just haven't got the depth of the \$1 scripts, where Conan is allowed to be a means.

This may prove out to be the basis for a whole new Golden Age Of Comics. Times have changed. People may just be ready for a superhero who is a meanie.



Conan's old friend Red Sonja, drawn by John Buscema and Pablo Marcos, harks back to the Phantom Lady style of heroine-drawing that, according to our comics scholar, "looked so great in the centerfold of Dr. Wertham's SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT." He'll certainly get no argument from us on that score.



MOVIE MONSTERS



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Though producer-director-writer Irvin S. Yeaworth Jr. has served in several capacities on a number of films, he is doubtless best remembered as the creator of **THE BLOB**, a 1958 fright film that represented a giant oozing forward for all Blockbuster. Biographies Deibert Winans and William Littman recently ventured into the very heart of distant Pennsylvania in order to secure the following interview with Mr. Yeaworth, who took them on a memorable behind-the-scenes tour of the making of **THE BLOB**.

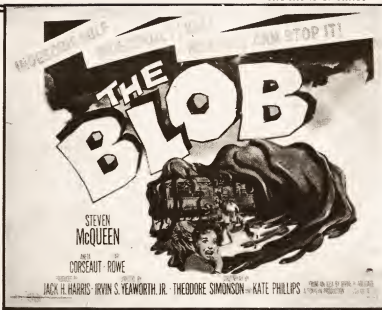
ATMT Interview with Irvin S. (Shorty) Yeaworth Jr. THE BLOB-MAKER!

Conducting an interview with director Irvin Yeaworth is a very easy task indeed. The man is outgoing, unpretentious and loves to talk about his work, particularly his science-fiction and fantasy projects. Yeaworth's films generally depict the plights of normal, everyday people placed in fantastic situations and their efforts to overcome those problems with a minimum of technological aid. His first film, **THE BLOB**, was one such case and served as the focal point of our conversation with the fright film director.

Valley Forge Films, the production unit under whose auspices Mr. Yeaworth's three sci-fi/fantasy films (**THE BLOB**, **4-D MAN**, **DINOSAURUS**) were created, has recently disbanded, and Irvin will now be working as an independent producer-director. One of Yeaworth's major beliefs in making films is that the

in the credits of your first three films as having either co-produced or "presented" **THE BLOB**, **4-D MAN**, and **DINOSAURUS**. When and how did you both come to organize your first feature?

YEAWORTH: I was preparing to make a picture with Lou Hellman. He'd just completed **THE BURGLES** in Philadelphia, and he wanted us both to work on a feature film. We developed a screenplay using a Bridie Murphy kind of situation. Lou came in a couple of days later with an ashen face and told me that his distribution man would not agree to it because there were ten "Murphy" films already in the can, and no one wanted to release them. This was about the middle of '57. Lou then said he knew a man named Harris with an idea he'd gotten from Irvin Millgate called "The Molen Meteor." I said I didn't care for science-fiction and that straight drama was all I wanted to do; but after we started pre-production on the film, I spent a fair amount of time talking with Millgate and finally decided it might be a good market for my first theatrical film. There were such bad S-films being done in those days, I mean I mean I was being turned for thirty-five to forty thousand dollars that was just an insult to any audience. You put long hair on a couple of dogs, and



High-pressure promo art for Irvin S. Yeaworth's **THE BLOB** promised an indescribable, indestructible monster that nothing could stop, and the celluloid Blob succeeded in living up to that claim. The **ACTUAL BLOB**, as you'll discover below, was small enough to hold in two hands, though it still mightn't constitute a wise idea to do so.

THE BLOB! THE BLOB-MAKER!

BY DEL WINANS AND WILLIAM LITTMAN



From **BLOB** to **BULLITT** in 10 Easy Years: Who could have predicted Steve McQueen's sudden ascendancy into the highest reaches of screen stardom from such humble, horrific beginnings?

audience should be manipulated, drawn into the celluloid action as much as possible. He will be trying to achieve this to an even greater degree in his next film, **THE BIG BALL OF WAX**, by shooting it in 3-D. But what concerns us here is the Blob, the whole Blob, and nothing but the Blob.

BIRTH OF THE BLOB

TMT: Jack H. Harris is listed

you've got instant "giant shrew"—that type of thing. Millgate's idea was to permit the audience one fantasy: the invasion of the monster Blob. We didn't want to solve the problem with the monster in a lab, a situation with which an audience could solve an extraordinary problem with his own hands and brain. For me, the key to a science-fiction or horror film is that you must put the characters into a given situation where they haven't got the whole universe to combat the "menace," or whatever.

LOW BUDGET BLOB

TMT: **THE BLOB** was obviously made on a comparatively low budget. About how much was eventually put into the

production?

YEAWORTH: We spent one hundred and twenty thousand on it. We made a deal with Harris that he was to put up one third, I was to put up one third, and Mike Friedman put up the rest. Mike was head of Comprehensive Film Service, which handled **THE BLOB**'s distribution. CFS was eventually labeled Tenlynn Production, after Jack's two children. The three of us hired Irvin Yeaworth as director.

TMT: Did it take you long to shoot the film?

YEAWORTH: Well, it took six weeks in the summer of 1957. Paramount turned it down the first time around even though we weren't asking much more than what we made the film for. Later they were caught in desperate need of a Fall release, so they paid twice as much. After two years, the film grossed eight and

one-half million dollars.

TMT: Your own production outfit, Valley Forge Films, was



The Colonial was just a run-of-the-mill neighborhood movie theater in downtown Philadelphia, Pa., before Irvin S. Yeaworth immortalized it in **THE BLOB** by having the amoeba-like monster ooze all over its run-of-the-mill neighborhood audience.

based in Pennsylvania. How much location shooting did you do around that area?

YEAWORTH: I really like to work sets more than location, because there is more control of the elements. Sets have to be extremely realistic to work. A lot of people thought some of our sets were locations. For instance, the woods and shack scene at the beginning of **THE BLOB** was a set. I love to communicate mood and atmosphere, and enjoy working with lighting. The locations we did use are all within just about a ten-mile radius of Valley Forge Films.

The Colonial Theater, which the Blob "attacks" near the end of the film, and the doctor's office are in Philadelphia. Dr. Jerry's Supermarket is in Haverford, and the diner is in Drexelton.

TMT: Did you recruit any local talent from the Pa. area?

YEAWORTH: We've always tried to use actors who weren't big stars; rather the type about who you'd say: "Hey, I know somebody who looks just like

that guy." We did use some of the actors from the local Hedgerow Theater here, and about fifty extras, most of them from Philadelphia.

TMT: Of course, the best-known actor you've had in any of your features is Steve McQueen, who at the time, I believe, had completed only two feature films. What were the circumstances of your hiring McQueen?

YEAWORTH: I had met him at the Valley Forge Studios; he was dating a girl who had been in one of my film shorts and was down for the day. Before we started shooting **THE BLOB**, we went to New York for casting,



The Colonial was just a run-of-the-mill neighborhood movie theater in downtown Philadelphia, Pa., before Irvin S. Yeaworth immortalized it in **THE BLOB** by having the amoeba-like monster ooze all over its run-of-the-mill neighborhood audience.

and I met Steve again while he was walking his dog in Central Park. Ed just seen him two nights before on a television show, U.S. STEEL or something. I asked him whether or not he'd be interested in playing the teenager in our film. Steve was about twenty-eight at the time, and he said to me: "I can't play young; it looks phony. I'll just play myself." He's still just playing himself in most of his films. What I really wanted from Steve was just an honest, natural reaction to this weird situation.

HOW TO MAKE A BLOB

TMT: The Blob itself is a fascinating looking little monster. Exactly what is the thing made out of?

YEAWORTH: It's just a silicone substance. I believe we got it from Cerning in New York.

TMT: The New York Times review of **THE BLOB**, by Howard Thompson, notes that "the blob rolls around in at least a dozen horrible-looking flavors, including raspberry." The Blob



Who among us has failed to be thrilled by the sight of **THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** threatening to demolish Las Vegas, or the 50 Foot Woman scooping up her errant mate in a single outstretched evening hand, or a titanic Japanese Frankenstein Monster doing battle with a beast from the deep? Well, not "thrilled" maybe, but surely mildly interested, at least. Here to chronicle the lives and times of Monsterland's Screen Giants—from the above-cited low-budget titans to Ray Harryhausen's truly towering mythological monsters—is TMT scribe David Stidworthy, who refuses to divulge his own stature beyond stating that he's "smaller than a cyclops but bigger than a breadbox."

BY DAVID STIDWORTHY



Legends and fables encompassing vast stretches of time and space have told of tall beings with enormous appetites and mile-wide footprints—creatures who cast long, often menacing shadows over all they surveyed. And heaven help the ecology if one of these titans should stub his toe, for mountains would topple, small folks quake, and the giants would leave lasting impressions of themselves wherever they left. The mythologies of all sorts of cultures, particularly those of Ancient Greece and Arabia, have abounded with outlandish superbeings, be they demigods, gods or men made man—north by supernatural forces.

But it's a lot easier being a real giant than a real one, and in our own culture the former have long held sway. With the proper backdrop, backdrop scenery, a few miniatures to molest or destroy and the magic of cinematic illusion (let's not magic when those annoying dark edges spoil the illusion), just about anyone

could be transformed into a mighty screen giant. And those are the kind of giants that concern us here.

Giants of every sort have stamped across the fright screen—gargantuan, of every conceivable (and many inconceivable) species and stripe. Since it would take half a book to

Giant menaces puny youth in a scene from **EQUINOX**, an amateur film that was later partially re-shot and picked up for theatrical release by producer Jack H. Hayes. It has since gone on to become something of a cult classic, and is one of very few films ever to feature a blue giant.



One of the most impressive of all screen titans was the long-tailed giant gress featured in Alexander Korda's **THIEF OF BAGDAD** (1940), starring Conrad Veidt and Sabu, an odd couple of the first order. The genie, incidentally, was played by black actor Red Ingram and was one of the few non-racial roles he was able to get back then.

on the way to **ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT** in 1961.

The original Cyclops first appeared in **ULYSSES** (1955), dressed in stone-age chic and living in a cave filled with custom-made furniture. A voracious man-eater, this Cyclops took them any way he could get them—boiled, broiled, roasted, fried, cooked or raw. In Italy, he was later bested by one of the Hercules bunch, Maciste, in a battle-and-battle-saga called **MACISTE IN THE LAND OF THE CYCLOPS** (1959). When **THE THREE STOOGES MEET HERCULES** (1962), there are two giants for the price of one—a tame cyclops!

SPAWN OF MR. BIG

When he wasn't letting gargantuan grasshoppers infest Chicago in **BEGINNING OF THE END** (1957) or super-spider subvert the Carlsbad Caverns in **THE SPIDER** (1958), Bert I. Gordon (aka **MR. BIG**) put human giants on his payroll, beginning with **THE CYCLOPS** (1957), played by Duncan Parkin and granted by multi-colored Paul Fries.

In **THE CYCLOPS**, Susan Winter (Gloria Talbot) refuses to believe her fiancé Bruce Barker died when his plane crashed in a remote Mexican jungle valley since he was able to send out radio messages for a time. Since the government won't help her, Susan organizes her own expedition with an odd cast of traveling

An angry Woman reverses traditional male-female fight roles by scooping up her errant spouse in a rare female chauvinist moment from **ALLIED ARTISTS' ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN**. A giant step forward for female monsterdom.

Filmmakers were quick to draw upon giant figures of Greek and Arabian mythology for inspiration. Among the biggest of this type have been the giant genie from **THIEF OF BAGDAD** (1940), the Olympian god Zeus (Laurence Naameth) and Hera (Honor Blackman) who played chess with destiny determining the fate of **JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** (1963), and the stop-motion matriarch of Ray Harryhausen, including the creaking mattock-woman with missile to spare in **JASON** and the four cyclops from **THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD** (1958). And let's not forget the nightmarish Neptunian who, with seaweed drooping off his incant, frightened Greek fisherman Anthony Hall at the edge of his accepted world.

discuss every enlarged monster that, ever flew or crawled or stalked on two, four or more feet across the screen, we'll content ourselves here with reviewing the glories of those screen giants who arouse the easiest identification—the human and human-like ones. To further condense our genre inquiry, we'll only be dealing with those giants of truly massive stature, and those the gully B or 10 foot Frankenstein Monsters, cave-men, and miscellaneous menaces for some other time. You've got to be really big to join this club.

Giants first appeared in several films made by that man of many firsts, the French magician-futurist-protector George Méliès. Human-like, oversized cardboard monsters and demons played cruel hoaxes in many Méliès shorts, the most notable being the Arctic Giant who surprised a band of explorers in **CONQUEST OF THE NORTH POLE** in 1912. Famous giants also cropped up in such early fantasy efforts as **THE ALCHEMIST'S HALLUCINATION** (1917) and **ALADDIN AND HIS WONDERFUL LAMP** (1936). Most of these early giants were a good deal more whimsical than those who would proliferate in fright films of the '50s and '60s.

companions: biologist Russ Bradious (James Craig), and man Marty Martinelli (Tom Chaney) and spyboy Lee Brandt (Tom Brandt), none of whom share Susan's certainty Bruce is alive. The jungle, they soon discover, is a veritable playground for monstrous savers, battling pygmies and pythons that exceed one hundred feet in length. Marty strikes uranium and tries to talk pilot Lee into helping him kill Russ and Susan so they can stake



their claim without interference. Wandering off from camp, Susan discovers a wing from Bruce's plane and looks up to see she is a reflection in the eye of the valley's only human monster, who promptly kidnaps her.

The water, Russ finds upon analysis of still-dividing lizard tissue cells, is contaminated by a strange growth substance. Thus, the mangled and memoryless Bruce grew and grew into the monstrous menace, as in **THE CYCLOPS**, who has abducted his former fiancée.

A little bit of Bruce is still himself, however. He remembers that a plane looks like and saves the group from one of the large pythons, as well as squeezing Marty to death when he tries to desert the others. Russ, in turn, kills the behemoth Bruce by hurling a makeshift javelin into his enormous swollen orb.

For **THE AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** (1957), Gordon let the pacing chronicle the entire metamorphosis of Colonel Glenn Manning from man to titan. Manning (Glenn Lengua) is searched in the blast of a plutonium aviator's life. Undamaged new skin regenerates, but his metabolism has been thrown out of balance and he grows at the rate of eight to ten feet a day. His tormented sleep sends him back to the frontlines in Korea and romantic glances with his girl Carol (Betty Downs). Glenn Manning, war hero, respected career soldier, nice guy, soon finds himself living in a circus tent. "What can a man do to deserve this?" he cries and in his paroxysm shouts to one of his keepers, "Y'm not growin'! The rest of you are shrinkin'!"

Former-army-colonel-turned-giant-freak Glenn Manning (Dean Parker) provided problems for urinary trunks in **AIIP'S WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST** (1953), equal to the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN**, released the previous year.



It's what happens when their sounds, their dances, their loves, their rebellions explode — 30 feet tall!



"See them burst out of their clothes and bust up a town!" hawked an ad poster for Bert I. Gordon's **VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS**, as a gang of unbridled teenagers suddenly grow to titan dimensions in this rather floral adaptation of H.G. Wells' "Food of the Gods." Sorry, H.G., wherever you are.

In **FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS THE WORLD**, a young, radioactive Hiroshima victim unwittingly devoured the head of the Frankenstein Monster, which fell from a plane bound for Germany, and became the caged character shown here. A properly clothed Nick Adams looks on and a desperate screenwriter (not visible here) heads for the unemployment bureau.



As it turns out, the cause of Glenn's affliction lies in the bone marrow. His heart cannot compete with his other organ and may burst unless the stimulus is quickly arrested. A blocking agent is administered to Glenn in a hypodermic syringe rammed into the back of his foot by a team of well-meaning scientists. Irritated, Glenn wanders Vegas, is stung by bullets, and retreats to Boulder Dam, where a teen bawzooka shreds knocks him over the edge, supposedly to his death.

Manning in **WAR OF THE COLOSSAL BEAST** (1953) (with Dean Parker handling the Colossal horror) turns up in Mexico disguised and amoralized like **THE CYCLOPS**, only with more realistic mutations, a normal eye and an empty skull socket. The picture gets off to a fast start as a young Mexican truck driver forces the gas to escape something pursuing him. Hospitalized for shock, he screams, "Hombro!" "A giant, a big fellow—like in a story," translates a police agent to Major Band (Roger Fiedel) and Glenn's sister Joyce (Sally Fraser). The truck's muddy tire marks abruptly, as though the vehicle had been carried off by some unknown force. "It had a radio and a heater," the owner huffs. "but it didn't have wings!" On their own, Band and Joyce find a graveyard of trucks

Most of the technical tinkering in the Colossus. Men pictures ranged from bad to passable to almost great. Gordon's preoccupation with size in his films afforded opportunities—only occasionally realized—to depict compassionate science in action. Paul and Jackie Blaisdell contributed some unusual props to the films: the giant hippo, a miniature Bible, containers for lily canes and elephants (guinea pigs for the needle serum) and a large thumbprint on a truck tender.

One of the seven curses St. George and his trusty **MAGIC SWORD** (1962) faced was an inert orange-Afford egg rendered dizzy when George circles him on horseback. The Medieval fantasy, featuring a two-headed dragon and a dandy vampire-witch played by Vampire, is considered to be Gordon's best movie. Once he discovered production values, however, old habits crept back with **VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS** (1965), a desecration of H.G. Wells' "Food of the Gods" about giant teenagers—Gordon's version, not Wells!

MORE MAMMOTH MENACES

While the title of **GIANT FROM THE UNKNOWN** (1955) was an example of half-truth in advertising, Buddy Bear felt most impressively the armor of one Vegas. It's a trapping innkeeper Spanish cavalier, from his grave of suspended animation by an electrical storm. Scientist Wayne Brooks (Edward Kinnear), suspected of murdering an old man Vegas actually killed, joins Prof. Cleveland (Morris Ankrum) and daughter Janet (nominally just Sally Fraser) in their search for artifacts near Vegas' burial ground. Vargas kills a girl, Ann Brown (Jolene Brand), and an Indian who could have provided Wayne with an alibi. Sheriff Parker takes Wayne in, while Vegas abducts Janet. Prof. Cleveland springs Wayne, and the posse that chases them pursues Vargas to a stormy sublim where he flows back at them. Ann Brown's brother Charley (Oliver Blake), a very much-misunderstood sort, proves no match for Vegas, as he escapes in futile battle with the awakened giant. Wayne and Vargas escape on a watermill bridge over a waterfall and Wayne shoots Vargas into the current leading to a bottomless lake. But the Barker's "makeup"—nothing more than a matted beard he could have grown himself—was applied by alibi kid Pierce, who, for this simple task, received his first and only individual screen credit.

Half the people who have seen that cheapo special **ATTACK OF THE 96 FOOT WOMAN** (1958) either hate it

Home's legendary Cyclops had a featured role in the 1955 Italian version of **ULYSSES**, with Rita Douglas and Anthony Quinn, and kept a watchful eye over Ulysses and crew.

Glenn emptied for food and see him rifling through the contents of yet another vehicle. Baird and Dr. Cernichiel (AIIP familiar Russ Bender) lure Glenn out into the open in a delivery van loaded with chitosan-imregnated bread.

Chained to the floor of an airport hangar, Glenn fails to recognize slide photos from his past projected on the ceiling and plans a means to send him to an island where he will spend the rest of his days. He escapes and heads for Griffith Park Observatory, holding above his head a bust of screaming youngsters. Joyce takes him into putting it down. A glimmer of recognition penetrates his damaged brain and he mousers her name. Producer Gordon uses the budget a few dollars as Glenn then grabs high-tension wires and disintegrates in a colorful flash.

with a passion to turn in again and again to provide a laugh track from the other side of the tube. Horror and south actress Allison Hayes never looked better, so all the more regrettable were the unscripted efforts and a Mark Hanna script knocked out ten minutes after he heard about Spaulk. Out of a large satellite emerges a lithe alien who frightens wealthy widows and former mental patient Nancy Archer, who turns away from her car as fast as her unsteady legs can make her. The giant is interested in her diamond necklace, though, and whooshes off in his satellite after Nancy is found suffering from odd radiation burns. Benevolent Nancy walks into town to find her opium mate Mary (William Hudson) and seven trollup Honey Parker (Yvette Vickers), who had earlier conspired to kill her, leaving

the place apart. One of the sheriff's riot gun shots explodes a power pylon condenser and the shrapnel falls Nancy, still clutching her parasitic spouse.

The movie is a Sears and Roebuck catalogue of cinematic clichés: the satellite interior—miserable and decorated with distasteful glass apertures—is nice, but built down to our scale.

GIANT WARRIORS in 1964. A 1965 loser called **MONSTER 60 GO GO** had an astronaut of average size return to Earth as a 50 foot disfigured being. More memorable was the race of 1960 **THREE WORLDS OF GUILVER**, a 1960 adaptation of Jonathan Swift's savage 18th century satire.

—FRANKENSTEIN CONQUERS



Lou Costello's last film, **THE 30 FOOT BRIDE OF CANDY ROCK**, had the round comic engaged to the female titan of the title. Dorothy Provine played the bride.

When the girl picks up the sheriff's car, it's a Plymouth and crashes to the ground as an old Chevy, then is seen as a wrecked Plymouth again and in most shots of her about rampant. Mr. Hayes—who goes from shiny brunette to amazon blonde—is transparent!

In his last movie, **THE 30 FOOT BRIDE OF CANDY ROCK** (1969), Lou Costello performed without Bud Abbott and did alright, considering that this irreducible and largely forgettable piece of fluff was no better than the "comback" full-lengths *The Three Stooges* did for the same outfit, Columbia.

Costello played Arnie Penicelli, a garbage collector who tinkers around with outlandish gadgets and creates a portable computer equipped with built-in backtick.



Doctors treating radiation-scared army officer Glenn Manning (Glenn Langan) discover a seven car of cellular mutation that will transform him into the **AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN** and render his present wardrobe virtually useless.

While turning from him after a spat, Arnie's girl Ellie (Dorothy Provine) inhales cavern fumes and loses her sense of smell. Arnie and Ellie marry anyway, but it's hardly the honeymoon they had hoped for, since all their reactions turn out to be too ones. When Ellie angrily tosses a water-tower roll through the air like a nuke, the army reports a "flying saucer" and hunts Ellie down, thinking she's a monster. Arnie finally corrects her condition via the time-travel power of his computer. All our troubles are behind us," he assures her as they walk away, followed by Arnie's suddenly gigantic dog.

OTHER OUTSIDER OORES

Bela Lugosi and hulking henchman Tor Johnson shot up to giant size to go battle at the long-awaited conclusion of **BRIDE OF THE MONSTER** in 1955, while another Nixon boop special gifted **HERCULES** with **THE**

CONFESSIONS OF A MAKE-UP MAN...

An Exclusive TMT Interview with Roy Ashton

Revising TMT creature correspondent Mark Carducci recently revised his way onto the set of a Walt Disney film, where who should be most but British makeup master Roy Ashton. Roy, the man behind the makeup for **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**, **THE GORGON** and the Chris Lee **DRACULA** series, was trying his ever-steady hand at doing non-horror makeup work, work that wasn't exciting enough to keep him from conversing for a few minutes with our friend in the field. The results of that informative conversation begin herewith...

BY MARK CARDUCCI

Dracula roars his cadaverous countenance, baring his fiendish fangs for the kill. The Gorgon, her scalp alive with hissing, slithering serpents, grimeases and prepares to stalk another hapless victim. The Werewolf rips civilization's shirt from his bare chest and drools in savage bloodthirst. These and many more are the creatures of make-up master Roy Ashton, whose *Dracula* disguises and makeup work for films like **THE GORGON** and **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF** have earned him a solid reputation in the fright film industry. For years the head of Hammer Studios, Ashton, whose *Dracula* series most of his time freelancing these days, doing as Amicus thriller here, as Hammer there. But he never fails to keep his horror hand in.

Having brushed out beyond the confines of the Hammer, Roy is apt to turn up in the credits of sorts of films these days, and he'll soon be turning up in one that's highly unusual, even for him—as makeup technician on a Walt Disney comedy! That's right—Walt Disney—Roy doesn't mind it a bit. Granted, the work is not challenging as constructing severed limbs or simulating rotting flesh, but you can have your way all the time. In fact, it hardly gets as messy as applying a bit of powder and pencil here and there. But it's a day's work for Roy, and not a bad deal for the rest of us either, since it made him available to discuss his makeup methods for a few minutes with your friendly TMT creature correspondent.

Sitting in his very own monogrammed chair, Roy Ashton prepared to let some of the truth about his work be known. His wide experience as a horror film makeup artist affords a rare first-hand glimpse into the whys, wherefores and how-to's of the monster movie makeup job.

ASHTON'S ORIGINS

TMT: What turn of events led you to film makeup?

ASHTON: Well, I was originally a draftsman, and an illustrator, before the war. The outbreak of British air raids advertised in various papers for people they thought might be suitable for their makeup department. I and others interviewed, given texts to ascertain our talent and so forth, and I was lucky enough to be accepted. I was an apprentice at the U.F.A. studios for a year and a half, and there I was trained in cutting hair and making wigs, and so on. I took courses in anatomy, and slowly improved, gradually beginning to work at the studio in England. I worked there for 5 years, after which I went freelance. After a bit, I did my own makeup for my own hair and stayed on with them through

This gruesome gallery of classic Hammer Horrors represents but a few of the monstrous makeup fashions by the prolific Roy Ashton.



Christopher Lee as Dracula in the **HORROR OF DRACULA** (1958).



Lee again, this time as the title character in **THE MUMMY** (1959).

ASHTON: You take an impression of the actor's teeth in clay, or some other mauling substance. When that is set, you pour it with plaster and let that harden. Separate the upper and lower halves and you have a replica of his mouth. With that as a basis, you mold the teeth in clay, and then you cast this in a mold and reproduce it in whatever substance you care to. An article which dentists use as a base. The work really is a dental mechanic, but we're jacks-of-all-trades and we'll turn up anywhere to solve to whatever the job on hand requires.

TMT: Do you have a personal favorite out of all your work?



Herbert Lom, behind the mask, in **PHANTOM OF THE OPERA** (1962).

ASHTON: I don't think I have a favorite; perhaps a most successful. I would say the werewolf, from **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**, with Oliver Reed. That was a very difficult one, but very satisfying.

TMT: We used stop-motion in the transformation scenes to show his hands getting hairier and hairier.

ASHTON: My personal favorite of your work is **THE GORGON**. How were the moving snakes in her hair achieved?

ASHTON: The snakes were moved about from a distance, by wire cables acting on cams. The snakes, writhed realistically, as the cams rotated.

TMT: What would you say are the prospects of young people trying to break into the field of film makeup?

ASHTON: Very bleak indeed. You see there is fear that a pool of people will be there when I develop. Even though you may be fairly gifted and have a wish to do this kind of work, with the state of the film industry today, you would be ill-advised to press too hard to get into this field.

TMT: Do you have any assignments coming up you'd care to tell about?

ASHTON: Well, Amicus has another one, I don't know really yet what the result will be, but it's due to start soon. Beyond that nothing is definite. I rarely look too far into the future, I just wait and see what comes.

TMT: A fine philosophy. Thank you for your time, Mr. Ashton.

ASHTON: You're very welcome!

TMT: What was your first solo effort at Hammer?

ASHTON: The first one I did on my own was **ROUND UP THE BASKERVILLE ILLES**. I was preceded at Hammer by a man named Phil Leakey. I went down, casually, to help on a couple of films, then he left and I took over the department. I did all of them from the **ROUND UP** to a picture in which I made a wack look like a snake, **THE REPTILE**.

TMT: How do you come to be hired for a picture, freelancing as you do?

ASHTON: Nowadays I'm mostly approached by people who have a reputation as I have acquired attracts me to their notice. I'm rather more inclined to get a call for unusual things.

TMT: Could you describe how you design a creature, from first step to last?

ASHTON: First I take the script and find, as best I can, a concept for the creature. I do research, then numerous sketches. These I show to the producer. If called for, revisions are made in design. Then I make a full scale model in clay, and have it photographed in still photography. If the producer gives final approval, and the actor is cast by then, I reproduce his face, adapt my model to fit him, and go ahead and make him up like that each day.

FASHIONING FANGS FOR BITTER BITTEN FRIENDS

TMT: How are fangs constructed, say for Chris Lee as Dracula?

ASHTON: You take an impression of the actor's teeth in clay, or some other mauling substance. When that is set, you pour it with plaster and let that harden. Separate the upper and lower halves and you have a replica of his mouth. With that as a basis, you mold the teeth in clay, and then you cast this in a mold and reproduce it in whatever substance you care to. An article which dentists use as a base. The work really is a dental mechanic, but we're jacks-of-all-trades and we'll turn up anywhere to solve to whatever the job on hand requires.

TMT: Do you have a personal favorite out of all your work?

ASHTON: I don't think I have a favorite; perhaps a most successful. I would say the werewolf, from **CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF**, with Oliver Reed. That was a very difficult one, but very satisfying.

TMT: We used stop-motion in the transformation scenes to show his hands getting hairier and hairier.

ASHTON: My personal favorite of your work is **THE GORGON**. How were the moving snakes in her hair achieved?

ASHTON: The snakes were moved about from a distance, by wire cables acting on cams. The snakes, writhed realistically, as the cams rotated.

TMT: What would you say are the prospects of young people trying to break into the field of film makeup?

ASHTON: Very bleak indeed. You see there is fear that a pool of people will be there when I develop. Even though you may be fairly gifted and have a wish to do this kind of work, with the state of the film industry today, you would be ill-advised to press too hard to get into this field.

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FRANKENSTEIN

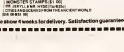
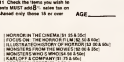
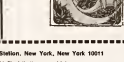
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The Golden Voyage of Sinbad



DOCTOR JEKYLL AND MAD JACK!

John Barrymore has earned the reputation as one of the finest Thespians ever to grace the American stage and screen. Though best-known for his portrayals of handsome sophisticates (like the Baron in *GRAND HOTEL*), the Great Profile was not adverse to turning to a horror role every now and then. Writer Joel Vance remembers "Mad Jack" Barrymore's perverse performances as **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** and the mad **SVENGALI** and reminisces about them here...



John Barrymore (1882-1942) was considered the finest actor of his time and one of the most handsome men of all time. In 1922 his *HAMLET* thrilled and shocked theater audiences and provided the basis for Laurence Olivier's 1948 movie version when it came to the Freudian relationship between the moody prince and his sexy mother. As a further adventure into the dark domain of demons that Shakespeare could conjure up, Barrymore's 1921 *RICHARD III* presented the deformed warrior-prince as a man so in hate with himself that his only comfort was in watching the foolish world let him get as far as he does—King of England—by trickery and assassination.

John Barrymore came from a distinguished and troubled family. His father was Maurice Blythe (he had copied the "Barrymore" stage name from a boxing poet he saw in London). His mother was the beautiful but doomed Georgiana Drew, a lady of great wit and charm. She once asked a hardhearted manager (and they were practically all hardhearted in the 1880s) to send her a new costume for a role she was playing on tour. The manager sent a one word telegram: "No." Georgiana wired back: "Oh." Hardheart sent her the costume.

Around the turn of the century it became obvious that Georgiana was dying of tuberculosis and that handsome, two-listed Maurice was tilting. Their three children, John, Ethel and Lionel—later to be hailed as the "royal family" of theater—accepted the fact. But it was nineteen-year-old John who had to take his father by the hand to the asylum. In



A bearded John Barrymore lures at evil eyes an unseen victim in a scene from *SVENGALI*. 1931, one of the Great Profile's few horror film roles. Barrymore's affinity for madmen was further extended by the untimely characters he portrayed in films like *THE MAD GENIUS* and *BILL OF DIVorcEMENT*.

1906, Lionel visited his brilliant but lopsided father at the sanitarium. He mentioned that he had recently returned from San Francisco. His father jerked his eyes sideways at Lionel and snarled, "You're a liar. Everybody knows that San Barrymore as the monstrous Mr. Hyde makes topbilled patron an offer he can't refuse in saloon scene from 1920 classic.



Francisco was burned to the ground." Maurice said this a few days before the San Francisco earthquake!

DR. JEKYLL AND MAD JACK

His most brilliant and tormented child—John—lived for sixty years with an intense dislike for his masculine beauty and a contempt for his great talent. Known as "The Great Profile" (his left side), Jack was always trying to disguise it. One of his most successful disguises came in 1920 when he made the first film version of *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*.

In the crucial scene where Jekyll first drinks the forbidden potion and goes through physical torments, Barrymore transformed himself into the monster by contorting his face. He used no make-up, "dissolves," process shots or camera tricks. He did it all by himself, twisting his face into a mask of hellish fury and flashing his wild, haunted eyes. In other scenes in the film where he used make-up, Barrymore presented himself as Mr. Hyde with a pointed beard, shiny hair hanging down from a bald crown, blackened teeth and the famous profile nose sharpened to a razor-slit. Barrymore's Hyde is the basis from which all other versions—Freddie March, Spencer Tracy, Christopher Reeve—leer from the screen, tempting and terrifying.

Always living with the fear that he would go mad like his father before him, Barrymore took a perverse delight in playing madmen, dressing in ugly disguises and changing his natural, speaking voice into a rasping cackle.

A SINISTER SVENGALI

In 1931, the same year that Lugosi made the original *DRACULA*, Barrymore appeared in one of his most effective roles in *SVENGALI*. As the mastermind hypnotist who changed a little peasant girl into a great singer by the power of his flashing eyes and dominant will, "mad" Jack was supreme in the beauty part. The role gave him a chance to express some of his own personal fears in the scene where he describes a recurring nightmare in which he is swallowed up by a building pit. In *SVENGALI*, Barrymore used a Polish accent and—once again delighting in the chance to alter his face—gave himself a goat's chin and popped painful reflecting glass "eyeballs" into his head so that camera lights could bounce off them in the hypnotism scenes. The film ends with Svengali, slashed and ruined by heart attacks, dying and freeing the girl from his spell, as the power fades from his eyes it is replaced by a look of yearning for the girl he can possess no more. It is one of his finest performances.

Barrymore is still admired as an actor, and his contributions to horror films—only one part of his fantastic and tragic career—are fondly remembered. Like Lugosi, he took a part and played it to the



The Great Profile enjoyed a rare opportunity to distort his handsome face in the 1930 version of *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE*. The transformation scene from that film, executed without make-up, is one of the most chilling ever captured on celluloid.

hilt even when the part (and the movie) was unworthy of his talents. But in 1931, because of the success of *SVENGALI*, a "sequel" was made called *THE MAD GENIUS*, where Barrymore played a club-footed puppet master; his life directed to evil by the influence of his warped, brutal father. His father was played by a distinguished actor who had a long and rewarding career, a certain Mr. William Henry Flat—better known as Boris Karloff.

DRACULA LIVES!

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LAND OF THE Or Grunt And The World

TV NEANDERTHAL Grunts With You—By Thomas Rogers

Each Fall, the Saturday morning segment of the Vast Wasteland becomes overcrowded with a new batch of shows of a juvenile bent, and this Fall was no exception. To further contribute to the Saturday morning over-population problem, each of the networks has ushered in a new show dealing with primitive man: ABC's **KORG: 70,000 B.C.**, NBC's **LAND OF THE DINOSAURS**, and CBS's **VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS**. Between long gulps of black coffee and blaring breakfast cereal commercials, TMT creature critic Thomas Rogers managed to stay awake long enough to catch all three.

This season, TV shows about primitive struggles for survival are definitely "in." There are no fewer than three weekly series dealing with caveman types, two of which include dinosaurs (I'll explain later how they can co-exist). One of these—ABC-TV's **KORG: 70,000 B.C.**—is quite an intelligent production, while the others are strictly for kids. Oh, yes—there's one

A contemporary family is forced to struggle for survival in a prehistoric world on CBS's animated **VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS**.

other group that would be interested in NBC's **LAND OF THE LOST** much more than in the others: stop-action animation freaks. CBS's **VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS**, which is on at the same time as **LAND OF THE LOST**, is a Hanna-Barbera cartoon show that may draw more viewers than any of the others, because children love cartoon animation more than anything else, especially when it's a color.

CEO-MAGNON MAYHEM

KORG: 70,000 B.C. seems to have been inspired by the **PRIMAL MAN** series that shows up every once in a while on prime-time TV. Both are highly researched, live-action programs that concentrate on the trials and tribulations of Neanderthals and CEO-Magnons. There are no dinosaurs in **KORG**, but there are occasional tigers, elephants, bears, and the like. The belief that cavemen and dinosaurs roamed Earth at the same time is erroneous (the misconception probably came entirely from motion pictures and comic books). Actually, the "thunder lizards" died out long before primitive man came along.

KORG, which is narrated by Burgess Meredith, deals with a group of six Neanderthals who must constantly defend themselves against the forces of a very cruel Nature. Each episode is a story in itself, and the creators strive to teach the viewer moral and historical lessons. Live actors and a lot of make-up are used, though special effects appear to be totally absent. The characters speak good guttural English for the benefit of the

audience, and the narrator's monologue is often not on a child's level. It's quite a good show, but it could use a little more action.

ANIMATED ANTIQUITY

In my opinion, the better of the two remaining series is **VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS**. It deals with a contemporary family of four—plus their dog—that winds up in a hidden land where English-speaking cavemen (sure!) and hostile prehistoric beasts still exist. The American family joins a primitive unit of four members and a young stegosaur, and from then on they teach each other how to survive better. The modern group often applies scientific principles to whatever problems arise, thereby giving the television audience elementary science lessons. It's interesting and fun to watch, and because the action is all animated, virtually anything can be done. In a live-action show, there's always a budget problem. However, with a cartoon, a sequence dealing with the end of the world, or a massive alien invasion, can be filmed as "cheaply" as one showing a person sitting around doing nothing. This tends to make the stories much more exciting, because anything can be written into the scripts. An example of this is that the second episode of **VALLEY OF THE DINOSAURS** focused on an invasion of oversaturated army ants. The creatures were often shown, and each scene was a different one. However, the planned scene involving giant ants was not filmed for

Sturdy caveman encounters unseen danger in a scene from **KORG: 70,000 B.C.**, rated by our caveman critic as the best of the new TV Neanderthal outings.

LAND OF THE LEAST

I greatly dislike **LAND OF THE LOST**, chiefly because it's so ridiculous. A man and his teenaged son and daughter somehow got teleported to another planet, where dinosaurs and monkeys men prowl. The world has three moons, and its atmosphere is exactly the same as Earth's, and it's probably flat, as our own planet once was (at least that's the way I heard it). Anyway, these three dummies walk around like there's no danger anywhere! They're defenseless, and they know that monsters are all over the place, yet they don't even make any weapons! Instead, the first thing they do is find a cave on the side of a mountain and make it their home. They build a fire in the middle of the abode, and not at the opening (to keep out undesirable callers). The worst thing that happened in the first episode was that the boy gave a drink to one of the ape-people—right from his canteen! Don't those idiot producers and writers know anything about germs? Of course, the jerks didn't get sick from drinking the same water, but they should have, since life forms are not to be trifled with! The program certainly doesn't strive to teach youngsters how to survive on an alien planet—or anywhere else, for that matter.

As far as the stop-action animation of **LAND** goes, it's rough but good. The creature models were made by Wah Chang, one of our country's best animation model builders, but they're somewhat crude, I guess they just didn't pay him enough to produce better things. Stop-action animation, especially when live actors are spliced in, is very costly, which is why we don't see more of the monsters.

CRITICS COMPLAINT

My main complaint with all of these shows is that they're not realistic enough. Nobody ever flips out enough, especially not the "level-headed adults" from

Monkey man from NBC's **LAND OF THE LOST** affirms that this is a friendly look to his face as he learns of our candid and negative verdict.

the live-action movie, **WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH**, because it would have been too costly and time-consuming to shoot.

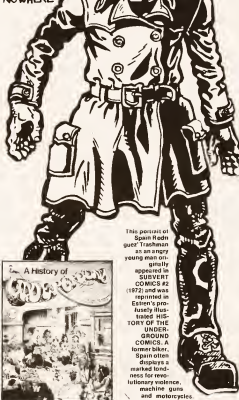
Naturally, **VALLEY** is a juvenile show, geared specifically for children. The dog and the stegosaur are often used to provide comic relief, and the main characters never overreact to any situation, regardless of how serious it may be. The voices, artwork and animation are all well done, and the coloring is very good for a television cartoon show. My main complaint is that, like all children's programs, it has an overabundance of commercials, mostly about breakfast cereals. Ads for toys are bad enough, but I'm pretty tired of the Tris Rabbit and all the other cartoon regulars that haunt these things that I have to review in order to make a meager living.

VALLEY and **LAND**. Worse yet, I don't think anybody or anything will ever die on these shows because they've been made for children. The main reason for this is that the Almighty Censors feel that children should not be exposed to too much violence. While I don't entirely agree with their opinion, they have a lot more power than I do, so they get their way. Maybe someday they'll grow up and stop fearing the little tykes so much.

I suggest that you see these shows and judge them for yourself. I never let a reviewer's opinions influence me, and I don't think anybody else should, either. As far as a summation of the above goes, I think that all three shows, particularly the last two, are enjoyable for children. **KORG**, of course, is geared for a somewhat older audience. Personally, though, I'd much rather sleep through all these programs.



SUDDENLY...
OUT OF
NOWHERE



This portrait of Spain Rodriguez Truchman as an angry young man originally appeared in **SUBVERT COMICS #2** (1972) and was reprinted as Estren's profusely illustrated HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS. A former baker, Spain often displays a matted fondness for revolutionary violence, machine guns and motorcycles.

A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS by Mark James Estren, 320 pages, Straight Arrow Books, \$9.95.

Are underground comics still "underground" these days? Should underground artists publish in overground publications? Does that constitute reaching a wider cross-section of people or is it just selling out? Have the lines between "underground" and "overground" media been blurred beyond recognition? Has R. Crumb been given to an early artistic grave? Are Rolling Stone and Straight Arrow Books underground, overground, or the forerunners of an uncomfortable amalgam best described as an "underground establishment"? Is a Straight Arrow book by a semi-hip young academic about the history of the underground comics compatible with the aims of the majority of underground cartoonists? Is a review of such a book relevant to the concerns of **THE MONSTER TIMES**? Will wonders never cease?

These are but a few of the questions that Mark James Estren's **A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS** raises in what remains of the mind of this TMT reviewer. In truth, it is only the last of the questions listed above that I feel I could even attempt to answer—and that answer would be "probably, if given enough time. As for the rest, only time will tell, and only if it has a mind to.



This final panel in a Jeff Jones strip appeared in **SPASM #1** (1973). In style and content, Jones is as deeply rooted in traditional fantasy artwork as he is in underground art.

Some things can be said about Estren's **A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS** though. For one thing, it does collate a lot of interesting information about the backgrounds and efforts of scores of underground artists, from the illustrious R. Crumb and Bill Griffith to lesser lights like Denis Kitchen and Buckhead Florida Jr. For another, though the author himself can be



The Frankenstein Monster and his lovely bride were featured on cover of **SELF-DSTRUCT**, "Buttlet of the Suicide Liberation Front," an eight-page, seven-cent comic by Art Spiegelman and Bill Griffith published in 1973. Spiegelman also co-edited **WHOLE CRUINS**, a book of quotations, and Griffith is best known for his **Toad Comics**.

obnoxious to the point of being downright annoying at times (particularly when drawing kitchy conclusions on the wall, as he is off up to do), the book allows the various artists space to comment in their own words on the state of their work, the state of the business, and even the state of the state. A goodly number of strips from a wide range of artists contribute another plus, although there are two

major drawbacks in the way the strips are presented in attempting to follow what he calls a "McGuffinque" "lead approach." Estren plasters text and illustrations all over the pages in a haphazard, visually ugly manner and a terrible layout by any other name is still a terrible layout. Beyond a doubt, **A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS** can boast of one of the most terrible layouts this reader has ever laid his weary eyes on. The other complaint, partially a problem of spatial limitations, is Estren's habit of reprinting six panels of, say, an eight panel strip, leaving the unfortunate reader at a loss to understand why said strips are considered successful or important. Sticking to single or complete strips would have been preferable. I should thank you, Estren, for the book, but I should'll. At any rate, this is probably less Estren's fault than the fault of Straight Arrow's editors and art staffers.

The chief problem with the book's text is the author's propensity for writing epiphetous and self-conscious prose. Estren often seems confused about exactly what audience he is trying to reach and his stance frequently wavers between straightforward earnestness and mild arrogance. His "dear reader" salutation, for example, it becomes him, as he is often genuinely condescending, as opposed to mock condescending—a more acceptable attitude. He also

Gilbert Shelton of Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers fame gives this eye-drooping cover for **ZAP COMICS #6**, published by Apex Novelties in 1973.



This gristlier-than-average panel by Jaxon appeared in **SKULL COMIX #5**, a book of horrific satire that also featured strips by Spill, Gore, Sheldine, Seitch, Dallas and Larry Todd.



SORRY THE SKULL COULDN'T BE HERE TO GREET YOU, HORROR FREAKS, BUT HE'S SOMEWHAT ERG-OUT OF IT. GOOD I'VE GENEROUSLY CONTRIBUTED TO MOST THIS SECOND MIND-SUCKING ISSUE OF LOVECRAFTIAN MEMORABILIA FOR HIM. NOW, IF YOU'LL PROCEED TO THE MAIN COURSE, I'LL CONTINUE WITH MY DESSERT... HEH HEH

HELP
SUCKER



This Crumb character was one of many appearing in an understandably better strip about the exploitation of the artist's "Keep On Truckin'" gilt by ruthless capitalists. From **XZ COMICS**, copyright 1972 by R. Crumb.

exhibits an academic tendency to back up his own observations with quotes from other sources even further outside the field than he is. Throughout the book, he quotes a strike who wishes to remain anonymous (for good reason, I might add) and who's referred to as **The Phantom Psychologist**. The **Phantom Psychologist** remains basically unimpressed by (and sometimes openly hostile to) the undergrounds that the author presents for his scrutiny, and his comments on the psychological aspects of said undergrounds are not particularly interesting or insightful. If Estren merely created the anonymous strawman in order to saluage a standard strawman view of underground comics, then I apologize for being too dumb to realize it.

Still, any fairly thorough and generally enthusiastic history of so rich a medium as the underground comics would have to work hard to manage to be totally without interest and, fortunately, **A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS** doesn't work that hard. It did our evil hearts good, too, to see TMT contributors like Leslie Cabarga and Jim Jones have some of their work represented in this volume, and D.A. Laitner is at three too, in a brief sketch of conversation between Crumb and himself in addition to giving us an opportunity to plug a few of our contributors. **A HISTORY OF THE UNDERGROUND COMICS** remains worth reading if only because it's the only thorough book on the subject. What effects, if any, it will have on the underground comics scene itself remains to be seen. And whether or not it's worth the outrageous price of \$9.95 is a matter that must be left to the individual reader and his wallet to determine.



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BY JOE KANE

Of the thousands of fright and fantasy films released over the decades, few have found favor with surly TMT Editor Joe Kane. A constantly caustic and only occasionally coherent critic of the horror genre, Kane likes nothing better than to write about inept fright films that reinforce his vile view of the monster medium. Every so often, however, we force him to watch a QUALITY horror film, like **THE MAD GHOUL**, and chain him to his trusty TMT typewriter until he has something good to say about it. After spending three weeks in office bondage, he finally came up with the following positive piece.



George Zucco as the demented Dr. Morris bites the graveyard dust in this climactic scene from Universal's **THE MAD GHOUL**, a message monster movie that proved that bad karma always boomerangs back to its source, in this case the demented Dr. Morris.

It is the TMT staff's sincere belief that merit can be found anywhere, even in a Grade B assembly line horror film, if you're willing to look for it hard enough. And in the case of Universal's **THE MAD GHOUL**, you don't have to look hard at all; it's right there in the wry script, perfectly controlled performances, tight direction and subtle displays of great perversity that lift it well above the swamp of monstrous mediocrity that so many horror efforts wallow in.

The strange thing is that **THE MAD GHOUL** (1943) was produced at the very height of Universal's decline. While still the unesteemed capital of the American fright film industry (largely by default), Universal's products had grown increasingly predictable and aggressively unexciting, degenerating from such excellent efforts as **THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN** (1935) to technically competent but dull and derivative outings like **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF-MAN**, **HOUSE OF DRACULA** and Lon Chaney's bland **INNER SANCTUM** series. But they somehow managed to come up with a rare weird winner in **THE MAD GHOUL**.

GHOU NEXT DOOR

THE MAD GHOUL concerns itself with the adventures of one Doctor Morris (George Zucco) who, assisted by medical student and all-around clean-cut American Boy, Ted (David Bruce), is working at a college on a series of seemingly harmless experiments.

Little does the ever-innocent Ted realize, however, that things are rarely as simple and clean as they seem, that in fact the good doctor is actually in the midst of perfecting a gas designed to induce a zombie-like trance in anyone who inhales it, the better that people might carry out the ruthless professor's self-centered bidding. In addition to his potentially vile experiments, Dr. Morris harbors yet another obsession in his dark,

droll soul: Ted's lady-friend, Isobel (perennial Universal horror heroine Evelyn Ankers).

But not only is Isobel—a professional concert singer—indifferent to the doctor's oblique amatory overtures, but she's rapidly losing interest in Ted as well on account of because of a crush she's developed on her pianist, Eric (played by a suave and swarthy Turhan Bey). When an unsuspecting Isobel informs Dr. Morris of her growing loss of interest in the hapless Ted—over which she feels intensely guilty—he begins to think she might be interested in him and works to steer her still further in that direction. "You need someone who knows the book of life," he assures her, "and can teach you how to read it." While Dr. Morris thinks he's the man for Isobel, and Isobel has her mind on Eric, Ted is coming down with some severe and unforeseen troubles of his own. Not only is he no longer the All-American apple of Isobel's starry eye, but he's being turned into the mad ghoul of the title and led by Dr. Morris on nocturnal graveyard jaunts where he practices his surgical techniques by removing the hearts from recently buried cadavers in order to sustain his own increasingly worthless life.

Of course, Ted isn't aware of any of this. All he knows is that he's been plagued by grisly "nightmares" of a sort that are not supposed to plague the nights of well-meaning young men like himself, and that he feels generally weak and confused even when not so plagued. Insisting on seeing Isobel—whose loss of interest in him happens quite apart from his ghoulish activities, of which she suspects not a jot—Ted and Dr. Morris decide to accompany her and Eric on a concert tour. And along that tour an odd series of coincidences arise: at every small city they visit, another grave is desecrated, another heart carved off. Alerted to that coincidence by a music critic who happens to be reviewing Isobel's concerts for the same paper he works for, wisecrater reporter

McClure (Robert Armstrong) enters the picture and exclaims, "You mean to say that your girl and my ghoul are workin' the same circuit?" At the next town the odd entourage of musicians, ghouls and reporters visit. McClure pays a call on the local mortician, a civic-minded sort who agrees to let the reporter take the place of a fresh corpse in order to catch the ghouls in the act.

Dr. Morris and his entranced charge do indeed arrive on schedule. And when McClure, suddenly bolts up in his coffin and pulls a gun on the doctor, Morris remains unruffled, responding only with the old Mark Twain line: "Reports of your death have been greatly exaggerated." Few '40s fright films could have gotten away with a line like that, but Zucco's deadpan delivery makes it work, adding another arch touch of black humor to the horrific proceedings.



"Reports of your death have been greatly exaggerated," despairs the droll doctor as he and mad-student-turned-mad-ghoul (David Bruce) are caught in the unnatural act by a quick-thinking reporter (Robert Armstrong). Though well-planned, the reporter's gruesome ruse failed to deter these mad miscreants, demonstrating once again that quick thinking is no match for determination.

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

The show goes on and Ted kills McClure. By this time even the police are aware of the remarkable "coincidences" and send several of their number to guard the local cemetery in the next town on the tour. As one of the lawmen solemnly vows, "Anyone who gets into this cemetery tonight won't get out alive!" Meanwhile, two detectives (played by an ironic Milburn Stone and a surly Charles McGraw) tail the group, thinking that Eric is the probable culprit, despite evidence showing that the "mad ghoul" has to be a man well-acquainted with sophisticated surgical techniques. As one of the pair puts it, however, "You never can tell about these musicians—a lot of them are pretty queer ducks."

To make a short story shorter, Dr. Morris orders Ted to kill Eric, but then becomes contaminated by the gas himself. In a series of blackly humorous crosscuts,

we see Isobel singing on stage, accompanied by Eric's fancy fingerwork, while the detectives eye him from the audience, followed by shots of the ghoulish Ted approaching the theater, himself pursued by the mad Dr. Morris, now under the deadly influence of his own poison gas. When Ted puts in an unexpected cameo appearance on the stage, he's felled by police bullets before he can do innocent Eric in. Dr. Morris decides to head for the cemetery for a quick change of heart, where, dying, he tries to claw his way into a fresh grave, while Ted's disembodied, echo-chambered voice intones, "It's no use, Dr. Morris. I'm sending the evil back to you now. There's nothing left now but you ... and me ... and Death!"

THE MAD GHOUL was an innovative horror film for several reasons. Its blend of straight, even cliché, horror with

subtle black humor makes for 65 minutes of surprise entertainment, and Ted emerges as the most ardently abused innocent to appear since novelist Nathaniel West put his mock Horatio Alger hero Lem Pitkin through some incredibly sadistic paces in his satiric **A COOL MILLION**. George Zucco chips in with the best performance of his fright film career, and **THE MAD GHOUL**'s minor characters are interestingly etched and ably enacted. In fact, **THE MAD GHOUL** is well worth staying up till 3 or 4 in the morning for, which is more than you can say for the majority of fright films. ■

THE MAD GHOUL (1943) 65 min. Directed by James P. Hogan. Screenplay by Paul Gargan and Brenda Wineberg. From a story by Hans Kraly. Starring: George Zucco, David Bruce, Evelyn Ankers, Robert Armstrong, Turhan Bey, Milburn Stone, Rose Hobart, Addison Richards, Charles McGraw, Andrew Tombes.

The Trey Trey Trey

It's our way of getting the latest hot-off-the-press news into you, covering up all the news of what's cooking in every medium. From the rare to the well-known, the well-known: reviews, previews, headlines and controversial comments on horror, sci-fi and fantasy happenings in films, books, comics, TV and even real life. We have space on costs, time or tender upon in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so free to send as letters full of lavish praise for our selfish efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Friday Film Forecasting chores is "Brazzy Bill" Fenn, who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins disactly below.

Pinewood Studios in London is co-producing with the activities of Peter Cushing, Hugh Griffith, Roy Platt and their version of OLIVER MOODY, and Roy Gault as "Brave" and "The Legend of the Werewolf."

Fresh star Jean Louisa Trippant turns up a writer release with a score by Douglas Gamble. American International will handle distribution.

Edgar Rice Burroughs' "THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT" is being read for a writer release with a score by Douglas Gamble. American International will handle distribution.

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Star of WESTWORLD, Ray Brinn, will take upon his bid head the role of Gypsyus in the planned musical THE ODYSSEY. The new version is to be announced by the author of THE STORY. Albert Marz, the man most responsible for the success of THE MASTERS OF MANKIND, will direct the film. Although unofficial, Michael LeBlanc may pen the music and lyrics. Do you want the Cyclone? Well, it's a song-and-dance number. I only have to say to you.

The Cyclone Cyclone

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HORROR HOBBIES

When it came time (as it always does) to work out our Column feature for this issue, we decided that we had stuffed this edition of TMT with comic news and reviews enough without running more or less. And since TMT scribe Doug Murray recently took it upon himself to do an interesting profile of a young animator who has conquered physical disabilities to successfully pursue his love, we decided to let him have the space to Doug and John Fischer, A.K.A. "The Mad Sculptor of Canterbury."

THE MAD SCULPTOR OF CANTEBRURY (TEXAS)

Everyone has to have a hobby of some sort. A hobby keeps the mind balanced by offering a break from the daily grind that weets it into. Hobbies vary from individual to individual, ranging from sports, animal types (like stamp collecting) to active, even music activities (like reading THE MONSTER TIMES, for that matter). Some hobbies are more serious than others, but all hobbies are fun.

Another disaster, the HINDENBURG, started shooting at Universal on the same day as THE EIDER. SANCIENT, a film by Clint Eastwood, another Universal production.

Now for the Monster of Rock, that is the Rock-Hop film, which seems to be the up-and-coming thing. The latest version of THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA is directed by Shon (SISTER) DePalma and will be issued forth under the 20th Century-Fox banner. Originally titled PHANTOM, then became THE PHANTOM OF THE FILM, and lastly THE PHANTOM OF THE PARADES. The last mentioned title seems to be "rilly" with all the legal infringements that seem to have been cropping up from Universal owner of the original PHANTOM, and King. Syndical owner of the character "The Phantom" As it stands now, though, the film is set for an October release.

THE ROCKY HORROR SHOW, smash hit in London and San Francisco last year, is to become a film. With a book and script by Richard D. Brien, the film adaptation is just getting underway at 20th Century-Fox.

I caught the original production in London last month, and it was really fabulous. "The Rocky Horror" of the title is the handsome, bearded creature of Frank-Zeller, a transvestite from the planet Transylvania in the disguise of a Transylvanian. The creature is a "Science-Fiction Double Feature," with such sample lyrics as "Leo G. Carroll was over a barrel after TARANTULA took to the hills, and I really got when I saw Janette Scott jump in the water and get out of it."

It was a gas, but what worked so brilliantly as theatrical camp may not work as well in film. I wish them a great deal of luck, for what a treat it would be if they could pull it off!

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fundamentals of stop-motion animation. About that time I saw THE 7TH VOYAGE OF SINBAD and felt that the Cyclone was over.

John didn't just see the movie and get it was an interesting set of us, however. He found he had a turning point to duplicate, or even to do it in the same way.

Any other behind machine can convey emotion. John reasons, "but to see a cartoon from a totally different perspective, 15 inches of foam and metal there is a bit of art."

It's gratifying to see someone approach this great John's model are extremely detailed and show that they are for expression that marks the truly talented animator. Furthermore, John has finally moved into the movie field, his daily venture having been first place in the Houston/Con's annual film-movie competition.

That was the high point for me. John proudly admits "All Williams and Jack Mahoney were the judges and after the contest they took me to lunch and Jack Mahoney gave me a fine behind-the-scenes insight into movie-making in Hollywood."

All Williams has commented that "John's animation efforts were among the finest I've ever seen. Certainly as good as anything Harryhausen has done."

And so John Fischer takes that first big step, and it is a big step; it is difficult to let other people into your private world. There is always a fear of ridicule, but John has made it creative work, like making their own films. Some people even attempt to do it, but those professionals who bring their beloved fantasies to the screen. This is the story of one such person.

"As a sickly child, I spent much time in the hospital, and it was really more than move my hands. My mother gave me some modeling clay and a copy of THE WORLD WE LIVE IN. A book on natural history, and that started it."

Those are the words of John Fischer, a young fantasy-film fan who lives in Canterbury, Texas, not far from Houston. Some might have been discouraged had they undertaken a childhood like John's, and in the hospital, unable to play with other kids—but John not only took it in stride but brought something special out of it, a talent, an ability to create.

John is interested in dinosaurs and never out of it. John is quick to confess, "My favorite film was KING KONG, and it is so hard to find a book that taught me the creative work, like making their own films. Some people even attempt to do it, but those professionals who bring their beloved fantasies to the screen. This is the story of one such person."

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SPAF

SPAF is TMT's general, all-purpose, miracle science-fiction column, bringing you a variety of reports from the world of sci-fi by a team of experts. Books, films, comics, TV, and even real life. We have space on costs, time or tender upon in bringing you this expanded edition of our beloved Teletype page, so free to send as letters full of lavish praise for our selfish efforts to keep you "in-the-know." Handling Friday Film Forecasting chores is "Brazzy Bill" Fenn, who kicks off this feature with his column, which begins disactly below.

NEW TV SEASON OFF WITH A BANG BY R. ALLEN LEIDER

Eager sci-fi and horror buffs got their fill of the shows with post of new shows on the air. True, STARK TREK, isn't back yet, and OUTRIDER and PLANET 51 are future dreams, but we did see some promising TV late and it doesn't look as grim as we had feared.

PLANET OF THE APES Well-handled and not as poorly written as I had thought it might be. The plot of the thing is a bit confusing because of the change of most of the characters' names, and the awkward attempts to integrate the TV plotline with that of the films. But the acting is superb, at least it's above the LASSIE brand of soap opera. The show is a must-see. DO take themselves seriously. Apparently there will be some form of a crossover with the TV series.

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Seigm Loman, the Carlo Ponte of the Spanish "B" horror film, has ready for

And last, but definitely not least, West of my theater-going London rep, I happened to catch, in preview, a new musical production of "The Chamber of Horrors," which was produced by the Chamber of Horrors, and Paula Prentiss, late of THE PARALLAX VIEW.

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release THE GHOST GALLION with Maria Perschy and Jack Taylor

qualifies as OLIVER "That same noted Music Hall gentry, amidst the blood-spattered victims in the following, one sang was 'The Rippin' Gonna Gettin'."

The victory comes to an end when, in the closing scene, Jack the Ripper beckons one outstretched hand to his lovely intended victim, as the following him into the shadows, immediately after which there is a giant ripper (flashed across a screen) dropping blood, there a blackout. Hope it runs as long as Jack has."

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CON-CALENDAR

THE CON-CALENDAR is an exclusive feature of TMT. Across the country, comic nuts, of fans, monster heads and the like are constantly gathering to buy, trade, discuss, and speculate. As with meet gatherings, the conventions often border on the insane, but the people are friendly and there's always a good time. Here are your dates for your collection and they're great places to meet people—fellow fans, interesting and profitable.

They say "We never been to a 'con,'" we highly recommend you try one. They say it's fun, expensive, and costly, of course, but they're all but correct. We at TMT will be happy to help you get informed of all upcoming cons.

| DATE | CONVENTION | LOCATION | PRICE | FEATURES |
|------------------------|---|--|---|--|
| January 10-12 | AL SCHULTZ'S INTERNATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION 145 E. 3rd St. New York, N.Y. 10003 | AMERICAN HOTEL New York City | \$5.00 in advance \$10.00 at door Oct 6-7, 1976 | Films, Dealer's room, Costume Contest, Guest: William Shatner, Debra Lee, George Takei, others |
| 3rd Sunday every month | MOSTGAGA 4 Church Street Waltham, Mass. 02154 | Howard Johnson Motor Lodge | 75¢ | comic books, pop, toys, movies, etc. |
| February 2 | STAR TREK CONVENTION 145 E. 3rd St. New York, N.Y. 10003 | HOTEL COMMODORE New York City | \$10 (includes breakfast) by rail: Level 1 to 69th Street | Dealer's Room, Art Show, Special Guests: Isaac Asimov, Gene Roddenberry, George Takei, William Shatner |
| January 21-25 | CREATION CONVENTION Gary Berenson 159 E. 3rd St. Queens, N.Y. 11345 | COMMODORE HOTEL 42nd St. & Park Ave. New York City | \$2.00 1 day \$5.00 2 days \$8.00 3 days \$7.00 4 days | Dealer's room, Film Panels, Meet the Artists, Meet of Horror |
| 1st Sunday every month | HOLLYWOOD COM-CON 625 N. Civic Ave. Hollywood, Calif. 90036 | HOLLYWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB Hollywood, Calif. | \$1, 66¢ under 12 | Feature films, cartoons, lots of trade and goods |

In 1951, Columbia released **CAPTAIN VIDEO**, one of the last movie serials ever made. It also marked the only time that a chapter play was based on a television series. Ordinarily, their subject matter was taken from comic books or strips, or radio programs.

Columbia went all-out on this production. They had more scientific thingsamajigs in this story than any other serial ever had. In total, there were over 50 comic whatsits. The only other chapter play that even came close to having this number of futuristic whatamajigs was **THE LOST PLANET** (Columbia, 1933). In addition to the numerous gadgets, **CAPTAIN VIDEO** was filmed partly in cinécolor. The episodes that took place on the planet Theros were tinted green, and the ones that occurred on Atoma were a shocking pink. Despite its elaborate efforts, this space adventure did not do too well. But that's the way the comet crumbles.



Chapter 1. JOURNEY INTO SPACE!

At the serial's beginning, violent cosmic disturbances are rocking This Island Earth. Captain Video (JUDH HOLDREN), stout-hearted protector of the downtrodden, ventures forth from his hidden headquarters to put an end to the unusual occurrences. He traces the source to Dr. Tobor (GEORGE ELDRIDGE), an eccentric scientist who claims to be innocent of any cosmic wrongdoing. Once Video has left, however, the two-faced Tobor contacts the master villain, Vultura (GENE ROTH), ruler of the planet Atoma and would-be dictator of the universe. Vultura, a fat man in tights, leather cape and helmet, orders his spy to join him on Atoma. Tobor blasts off in his handy spaceship shortly before Video and one of the Orbit Patrol Rangers (LARRY STEWART) return to his laboratory. Using a Scanner to locate Tobor's rocket, the good guys follow in their own ship. Vultura, however, has been observing his enemies on his own Scanner, and he activates the remote-controlled Concussion Comet. Soon afterward, the huge comet speeds toward Video's spacecraft and utterly destroys it!



Chapter 2. MENACE OF ATOMA!

The dynamic duo escape from the doomed craft in the special safety compartment, which floats down to Theros, a planet that Vultura is trying to conquer. Suddenly, the screen turns green, but our heroes pay no heed to the pretty color. Instead they form an alliance with Alpha (WILLIAM FAWCETT), leader of the Therosians. In the ensuing battle between the good and bad armies, Video and his assistant capture Tobor. Vultura, secretly contacted by the evil scientist, sends troops to turn the tables on Video. The Ranger is taken prisoner by the villains, who learn the

whereabouts of the Captain via a diabolical mind-reading device. The soldiers try to capture Video, but he escapes from them and tries to rescue his partner. When he arrives at the lab, Vultura burls a mass of concentrated cosmic waste at the place. The heroes vanish in the resulting explosion!



Chapter 3. CAPTAIN VIDEO'S PERIL!

But a hawk-eyed, quick-witted Captain Video saves himself and the Ranger by ramming a metal bar into the control board, diverting the lethal energy. The two space soldiers next take Tobor (has anybody realized yet that this is "robot" spelled backwards?) back to



When television was still in its chronological infancy (in its artistic infancy it largely yet remains), spellbound lots would squel in front of the mini-screened tube to thrill to the adventures of **CAPTAIN VIDEO**. Armed only with a Vapo-projector, Cosmic Vibrator, Radionic Directional Beam, Anti-Defolator and a portable warehouse of other exotic devices, the good Captain and his Ranger sidekick went about righting cosmic wrongs and eradicating villains with admirable aplomb. Here to recount the movie serial based on the **CAPTAIN VIDEO** teleseries is TMT serial scholar and member in good standing of the long-defunct Captain Video Fan Club, Jason Thomas.

Earth. After the cosmic cad is placed under guard, Gallagher (DON C. HARVEY), one of Video's scientist, rushes in with a strange report. Ridiculous-looking Robot Monsters (wearing metal hats, yet!) have appeared in the general vicinity, and the electronic heavies are ripping up the locals! Video and the Ranger immediately zip over to where the Robots are. And one of the walking tin cans just as immediately grabs the Ranger and deposits him in a burning chemical plant!

Chapter 4. ENTOMBED IN ICE!

Video arrives just in time to extinguish the inferno with his amazing Vapo-projector. He and the revived Ranger then employ a Cosmic Vibrator to disable one of the Robots. After the heroes return to their secret base, Tobor escapes and informs Vultura that Video plans to analyze the captured mechanical brain. The power-mad dictator is not at all pleased to learn this, and states that he will handle the matter. Back at headquarters, Professors Dean (BILL BAILEY) and Markham (OLIVER CROSS) are helping Video examine the Robot. Suddenly, both scientists disappear, and a hateful Paralysis Gas Bomb knocks out Video and the Ranger. When all four men revive, they discover that they are in a cave. In addition, they are being frozen into flesh-flavored popsicles!



Chapter 5. FLAMES OF ATOMA!

Video just happens to have a Radionic Directional Beam on him. He sends out an electronic distress signal, which is picked up on Gallagher's Radionic Guide. The helpful agent reaches them just in time (there's a lot of that in these cliffhangers, isn't there?) and he melts the ice by using a highly capable Thermid Transmitter. Not too much later, a Vulturian space station is located. Video and the Ranger board it and quickly gain control, using it to return to Atoma. Vultura, that ever-vigilant Scanner-watcher, sees their approach. Since he is apparently out of rocket ships, he has a handy Polarized Furnace ignited. Moments later, the heroes receive a fiery welcome. They are literally engulfed by flames emerging from below them!



Chapter 6. ASTRAY IN THE STRATOSPHERE!

The bright flames do not harm the two men. Video tests the "fire" with his pocket Thermograph, and confirms that it is cold! Then why did dummy Vultura use it? While exploring a tunnel, the good guys discover—a dum—! a communications room. Video radios Earth and instructs Gallagher to prepare all available Orbit Patrol personnel for combat. Immediately afterward, however, Vultura manages to seal both men inside a rocket. The projectile takes off, headed toward the Ranger assembly plant. As it soars toward Earth (either it was a super fast rocket, or Atoma was no further than the moon), a deadly Vapor Bomb explodes. The two passengers are knocked out as the missile hurtles toward its target!



Chapter 7. BLASTED BY THE ATOMIC EYE!

Since the rocket has to pass Theros on the way to

Earth. Alpha manages to gain control of it as soon as it enters his planet's atmosphere. Tobar, however, learns this. He sets up an insidious Electronic Interference Screen, which causes the projectile to burst into flames (not cold ones this time). Even though Video and his companion are supposed to be locked in, they leap to safety before their conveyance explodes. Because of all his recent failures, the monomaniacal Vultura develops a mild case of paranoia. He starts mistrusting everybody, particularly Tobar. To test the renegade scientist's loyalty, he has two of his men disguise themselves as Video and the Ranger. They are then sent to Tobar's hideout, but apparently so are the real good guys. Tobar detects their approach, and he sets up his Atomic Eye—an honest-to-God Rogers disintegrator. When Video and the Ranger enter the room, the weapon goes zap, and the pair go poof!



Chapter 8. INVISIBLE MENACE!

Have so fear! The real Video and his sidekick apparently changed their plans. The imposters were disintegrated (much to their regret, of course), not the heroes. Vultura, satisfied that Tobar is loyal, orders him to find and destroy the mysterious Mu Ray Camera. This device can photograph the "after-image" of anyone who has recently left an area. In an attempt to carry out the command, Tobar dons a Cloak of Invisibility (heavens to THIEF of BAGDAD!). He then makes his way to the warehouse where the gadget has been stored. Finally realizing that Tobar is a villain, Video does some "checking and learns about the fellow's current mission. The Captain bristles to foil the unspeakable plans of the mad scientist (I think I'm getting carried away). Video rushes in, but Tobar knocks him out and carries him away in a rocketship. Soon afterward, with the ship sailing through the silent stratosphere (?), Tobar ejects Video into space!



Chapter 9. VIDEO SPRINGS A TRAP!

Gallagher spots Video and enacts him to the ground by using a Sonic Air Cushion. Later, Video and the Ranger go looking for the Cloak of Invisibility. The search proves unsuccessful, so the heroes decide to try something else. Information is "leaked out" that the Mu Ray Camera is being transferred to another location—Video's apartment. The good guys hope to

trap Tobar when he arrives to demolish the device. However, they have apparently forgotten about the wondrous devices that their enemies have access to. In the apartment, Tobar unexpectedly appears before Video and his sidekick. Before the two can react, the villain sets off an electrical explosion!



Chapter 10. MENACE OF THE MYSTERY METAL!

Predictably enough, Video whips out his indispensable Anti-Detonator and smotheres the blast. It's a good thing he had an accurate filing system for all the junk he carried! He and the Ranger then take the stupefied Tobar to his own lab. The evil one manages to escape, and Video and his companion follow an empty, remote controlled car to Station X, Tobar's mobile unit. Here, they discover that Vultura wants Tobar to test a new metal, Platinite, a substance capable of dealing a quick death to anyone who happens to be within range of its radiation. The two heroes learn the location of the metal and (of course) ride over to the place. In the ensuing battle with the guards, the Ranger is knocked out. And, what's worse, he just happens to fall near an overturned can of the lethal Platinite!



Chapter 11. WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION!

After beating the guards, Video carries the Ranger out of the deathtrap. He then arranges for demolition teams to destroy the cave. Afterward, the Captain requests permission from the government to use the wonderful Whitney Eye, a seeing device that is capable of penetrating any object. Tobar, whom the heroes had hoped to spy on, beats them to it and fakes an order for the Eye. He manages to snatch it just before Video arrives. The scientist speeds away in a truck, and Video follows in hot pursuit. Tobar, realizing that he is being chased, causes his enemy's car to veer off the road and explode!

Chapter 12. ROBOT ROCKET!

The usual escape routine is utilized here. Just before the car went off the road, Video jumped out of it and rolled to safety. Later, he is able to trail the truck with Gallagher's scientific aid. He and the Ranger retrieve the Eye, and Tobar gets so annoyed that he starts bombing them from the air. Faithful Gallagher uses an Inactivator Frequency to immobilize the plane. The aircraft is forced down, but Tobar escapes. A short while later, Video and his aides begin assembling the Eye. Vultura, aware of their efforts, launches a powerful bomb toward the good guys. The projectile zooms straight for its target and blows up!



Chapter 13. MYSTERY OF STATION X!

Video saw the missile coming and fires his Electronic Gun at it. As a result, the bomb exploded harmlessly in the air. Returning to Tobar's lab, Video overhears the villain conversing with his leader. The hero decides to reveal his presence and demand a signed confession from Tobar. Unbeknownst to the Captain, his opponent sends a call for help to Station X. Gallagher has been watching the activities of the villains, and he makes preparations to destroy the mobile outpost. Tobar's men soon arrive at the lab, and Video is captured. As they are driving away in the transport, Gallagher, not knowing that Video is inside, directs the full force of the Static Beam at it. Station X is blasted to bits!



Chapter 14. VENGEANCE OF VULTURA!

Just before the explosion, Video made a break from the vehicle. He is picked up by the Ranger, and they drive off in pursuit of Tobar, who is getting away in his Jetmobile. After a struggle, Tobar manages to subdue both of his foes. He then radios Vultura for a spacecraft to transport the prisoners to Atoma. Tobar and the others take off in a plane that will rendezvous with the approaching rocket in mid-air. Unfortunately for Tobar, Vultura has decided that the renegade scientist has outlived his usefulness. When the plane reaches a certain spot, the evil dictator first a Flying Dis-bomb at it. A moment later, Tobar's ship is blown up!

Chapter 15. VIDEO VS. VULTURA!

Before the plane, along with Tobar, was destroyed, Video and the Ranger bailed out—without parachutes! They employ the Gravitational Decelerator and the Sonic Air Cushion to ease them to the ground. Traveling to the enemy's secret lair, Video and the Ranger disguise themselves as Vulturian officers (if they're from Atoma, how come they're called Vulturians?). They stealthily make their way to Vultura, who sees through their ruse. Proving that he cannot take a joke, the evil monarch trains his Disintegrator Ray Cannon on the heroes. However—as is to be dum—poor old Alpha, leader of the Therosians, is aware of what is going on. He activates a device that makes Vultura's ray backfire. The evil madman is no more... the universe is secure... and the serial is ended (finally). ■

CAPTAIN VIDEO (1951) Columbia. Produced by Sam Katzman. Directed by Spencer G. Bennett. Wallace A. Gristol. Screenplay by Royce Cole, Sherman J. Lowe, Joseph Pridemore. George H. Plympton. From the TV series, **CAPTAIN VIDEO AND HIS VIDEO RANGERS**. Special effects by Jack Erickson. Starring: Jack Holden, Larry Stewart, George E. Stone, Gene Roth, Don C. Hurley, William Fawcett, Jack Ingram, J. Sheridan-Jolley, Nelson Kravitz.

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P6. NIGHTMARE



P7. NIGHTMARE



P8. NIGHTMARE



P9. NIGHTMARE



P10. NIGHTMARE



P11. NIGHTMARE



P12. NIGHTMARE



P13. NIGHTMARE



P14. NIGHTMARE



P15. NIGHTMARE



P16. NIGHTMARE



P17. NIGHTMARE



P18. NIGHTMARE



P19. NIGHTMARE



P20. NIGHTMARE



P21. NIGHTMARE



P22. NIGHTMARE



P23. NIGHTMARE



P24. NIGHTMARE



P25. NIGHTMARE



P26. NIGHTMARE



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P28. NIGHTMARE



P29. NIGHTMARE



P30. NIGHTMARE



P31. NIGHTMARE



P32. NIGHTMARE



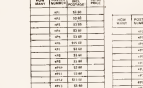
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P35. NIGHTMARE



P36. NIGHTMARE



P37. NIGHTMARE



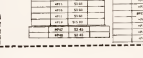
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P41. NIGHTMARE



P42. NIGHTMARE



P43. NIGHTMARE

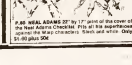


P44. NIGHTMARE



P45. NIGHTMARE

COLLECTOR'S Master Times



P46. JEFF JONES



P47. JEFF JONES



P48. JEFF JONES



P49. JEFF JONES



P50. JEFF JONES



P51. JEFF JONES



P52. JEFF JONES



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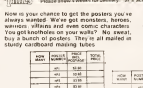
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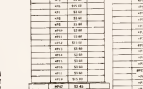
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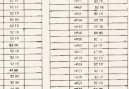
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P66. JEFF JONES



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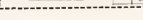
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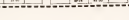
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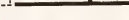
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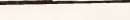
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P74. JEFF JONES



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P77. JEFF JONES

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P80. JEFF JONES



A strange native horn blows a menacing note, summoning forth the cyclops Centaur, half-man, half-beast.



Spying the intrusive Sinbad, the Centaur grips into battle, raptaized club in hand.

with his free hand, feels the arrow begin to slip. But then another arrow speeds by, fired by Haroun. The homunculus falls, the arrow piercing his body, and Sinbad climbs to safety, pulling the rest of the party behind.

Miles away, Koura cries with pain. His mind recoils from the death of his creation. His face looks like that of a much older man. "I must get there," he thinks. "I must not lose."

LITTLE GREEN MEN

Suddenly, the jungle is filled with wild yelling. Koura and Achmed find themselves surrounded by scores of little green natives. Natives with rancorous weapons. Natives who motion the wizard and his assistant into a ruined temple.

Koura tells his assistant not to worry; that they are bringing them before their goddess Caro and that he can control the situation. Achmed swallows the bile of fear but retains his composure.

Standing before the six-armed goddess, Koura is unimpressed. Taking a vial from his robes, he throws it at the goddess and orders the statue to dance for him!

Before the amazed eyes of the natives, the goddess leaves her pedestal, the metal of her body creaking, and does a ceremonial dance before this black-clad stranger. As the dance ends, they hurl themselves to the floor before Koura in a frenzy of fear.

Koura orders them away and tells his servant to meet him at the ship, then proceeds to ransack the temple in search of the missing third of the amulet.

But instead of finding, he is found. Sinbad and his little band enter, having followed Koura's path. Sinbad confronts the now-ancient magician and, drawing his sword, announces it is time to kill the wizard. "A fair fight."

"Aye, Koura replies, 'a fair fight.' So saying, he tosses his sword to the statue. The goddess' hand snatches the blade from the air and five identical ones sprout from her other hands. Sinbad, astounded, finds himself facing an invincible foe.

But Sinbad fights, and fights expertly. Swords swing and clash. Sinbad's men rush to the aid of their captain. The statue fights with deadly skill, one of Sinbad's men is killed. Each is wounded, but the statue is forced up the stairs to a ledge. There, engaging Sinbad to the front, it misses the approach of Haroun who pushes it off the side.

The goddess drops some twenty feet and shatters on the stone below. Sinbad, gazing on the defeated terror, sees something of interest—the missing third of the amulet! But before he can reach it, Koura returns, accompanied by scores of the green natives! Sinbad and his men, helpless against such numbers, are quickly taken captive.

Koura, chuckling, takes the three pieces of the amulet and informs the captives that the natives are enraged at their sacrilege and are sure to kill the intruders. Certain of his triumph, the wizard walks off to his final destination.

SINBAD EVADES BLADE WITH AID OF SAVING SLAVE

And it looks like the wizard does have



Issuing forth a combative bellow, the monster closes in on the overmatched human.

his way in the matter. Sinbad, carried by a dozen of the natives, finds himself on a sacrificial altar, about to be beheaded by a native blade. It looks like the end. But, then, Margiana pleads with the natives to stop, raising her hands in supplication. The tattooed eye comes into view for the first time. The natives are amazed. They chatter among themselves, then carry the screaming girl into a nearby cave, forcing her companions to follow. In the cave, the natives stop before a gaping crevice, lowering Margiana in a huge basket. The Vizier and Sinbad realize they plan to sacrifice the girl to their one-eyed god!

The girl is left sobbing at the bottom of the pit as the natives blow on a strangely-shaped horn. An answering bellow comes from a tunnel. Then the noise of hooves, giant hooves. Suddenly, from the tunnel mouth steps a strange creature. A centaur. Half-horse, half-man. Cyclopean, with clawed hands and a heavy, furred body.

Margiana screams at the sight, and the centaur, seeing the girl for the first time, reacts in the manner of monsters everywhere, reaching for her, picking her up and carrying her back to his lair.

Sinbad, meanwhile, struggling furiously with the natives, finally manages to break free and, with his companions, forces the little men back. Sinbad's men lower themselves to the cave floor and hurriedly follow the centaur's trail.

Reaching a branching of the centaur's tunnel, Sinbad breaks up his group and all plunge forward, trying to find Margiana before it's too late. Sinbad soon finds the centaur's lair. Human bones, skulls, and flieth line the place, and in its midst, sobbing but alive, is Margiana.



Sinbad draws his sword, determined to fight a breeze, if losing, battle with his inhuman foe.

"You followed me?" the girls asks in amazement.

"Of course," Sinbad answers, finally realizing he loves her.

Standing, the two make their way forward, looking for the end of the tunnel. Finally they break into a huge cavern, a cavern whose center is filled with a fountain, the Fountain of Destiny. Crouched before that fountain, his youth returned and the remaining two segments of the amulet in his hand, is the wicked wizard Koura!

Sinbad moves stealthily to the wizard and, before Koura can grasp what is happening, snatches the two remnants of the amulet from his hands.

"You are too late, Sinbad," Koura cries. "I have regained the energy of youth."

"Perhaps," Sinbad rejoinders, "but I'll deny you the other two boons with my sword."

Koura's face darkens, as he kneels chanting incantations to his evil gods, begging for the death of Sinbad, the last obstacle to his success.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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